

Space City!

Houston, Texas : April 13-19, 1972 : 25 cents



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SPACE CITY

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CORRECTIONS : In the April 6 issue, Space City! incorrectly identified black activist Russell Hayes as director of Operation Breadbasket. The mistake was the editor's and not the reporter, Kim Lowry. Also, in Donna Straley's article, "County Libs Choose Slate," it was wrongly reported that both State Rep. Curtis Graves and State Sen. Barbara Jordan fought for Harris County Democrats' single endorsement for the 18th Congressional District Seat. In fact Jordan argued for a dual endorsement, Graves for a single endorsement of himself alone. Sorry!

SPACE CITY! Houston, Texas, April 13-19, 1972. Volume III, Number 42

"Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice.

This newspaper you are reading is almost three years old. Well, not the actual copy you hold in your hands, but . . . you know what we mean.

The first issue of Space City News hit the streets on June 5, 1969. We changed the name in January of 1970. (A local UFO group was putting out a newsletter by the same name and was afraid that extraterrestrial visitors would get mixed up.) And that was far from the last change we would go through.

The original Space City News fit pretty neatly into a genre of publications then becoming the vogue: the Underground Press. Papers such as this one were springing up all over the country; they varied greatly, but they had many things in common: they were generally iconoclastic if journalistically sloppy tabloids. Some of the early underground papers were militant in their new left politics, others presented a dreamy vision of mystical transformation. But they all did one thing: they collectively thumbed their noses at the powers-that-be, at the dominant culture and power structure in this country, and, as a not-so-incidental by-product, at the traditional axioms of American journalism.

And they were indescribably important, both as a solid kick in the ass to the placid news media and as a coalescing point for the mushrooming new left movement. The papers were outrageous, obscene, sacrilegious. They shook things up. And, most important, they had a constituency. Or, perhaps better said, they grew directly and organically out of a movement that, at the time, was exhibiting quite a bit of muscle.

Space City News was such an underground newspaper. It was started by six people: Sue and Cam Duncan, Judy and Dennis Fitzgerald, Thorne Dreyer and Victoria Smith. Judy, Dennis and Thorne were founders of The Rag in Austin, one of the vanguard underground papers. Those three plus Vicky also worked, for a time, with Liberation News Service in New York, before returning to Houston to publish Space City News. Cam and Sue were local VISTA's who had been itching to start a paper here.

All of the founders were involved in the radical movement; most worked with SDS before it freaked out in 1969. Only Vicky had had experience in the "straight" media; all considered themselves movement activists first, journalists second.

Why are we rambling on like this? You may ask. Why all the cosmic history? Well, somehow it seems important to understand where we come from to correctly put in focus what we're now doing and to intelligently assess where we should go from here.

See, we think times have changed. Hell, times *have* changed. The new left movement, as we knew it in the late 60's, is no more. Remnants remain, but the basic fabric is gone. Which is not to say things have gone backwards: there were many serious problems with the thing we called the movement — problems like elitism, sexism, rhetoricitis, ingroupness and a severe case of oversimplification. As for our positive vision, and our criticisms of American society, they aren't gone. Perhaps they lack the dynamic vehicle they had a few years back, but on the other hand, they probably have a greater potential audience than ever before. And we have a responsibility to that audience.

The people of this country heard us — especially the young. They were turned off to our factionalism and our rhetoric, but they listened about the war, about drugs, about the drudgery of everyday life, about the role of the United States in other lands. The ideas we promoted have thousands of advocates now, though most of our organizations have disintegrated into embattled microfactions.

A year ago the folks at Space City! stopped printing for several weeks. The main reason: we felt a need to take serious stock of what we were doing. When we returned to print we ran a "Letter from the Collective" similar to this one. It read, in part, ". . . we were frustrated. We were working hard and putting out what we figured was a pretty good paper. But, just the same, we thought we could be doing a whole lot more. It was like we were at some kind of dead-end: we'd gone about as far as we could, and yet we weren't sure we were getting where we wanted to go. *We wanted to do something qualitatively different.*"

So we tried to set the paper off in a new direction, more in touch with the demands of the times. We decided that Space City! had the real potential of becoming a dynamic force in the community, of reaching and moving many more people than we'd ever before imagined. We decided that what Houston needed most, and what we

City!

could probably do best, was something different from an "underground" publication. We wanted to do more hard news coverage and less name calling, to replace rhetoric with convincing argument, to make the paper more readable and more credible.

And Space City! did change in lots of ways. It looked like we were off and running. But the paper suffered a severe setback last November, at which time we discovered that, due to extremely poor management of funds by our business staff, we had plunged into several thousand dollars worth of debt. Perhaps the most psychologically debilitating aspect of our existence from the very beginning has been financial instability; people on the staff have never known anything approximating economic security.

Since November it's been a continual struggle. The money problems continued and the staff became extremely overworked. Two of the collective's mainstays left about the same time: Karen Northcott went to Cuba with a group of radical journalists and Thorne Dreyer left the paper to do a radio show on Pacifica. In addition, some personality hassles and something of an ideological split developed. Meanwhile, the office became dysfunctional, there was no telephone (thanks to Ma Bell's demand for a \$500 deposit) and internal communications disintegrated.

And, the paper suffered, especially in the area of news coverage. The few people responsible for the news were simply too overworked or psychologically drained to get the job done.

We will not go into the internal hassles here because they are complex, unattractive and not very interesting. The ideological question is another matter. There was some argument for moving back to a more traditionally underground format. At least one staffer argued that every article in the paper, including arts coverage, should pass specific political criteria before appearing in these pages. Most of us, however, wanted a more inclusive policy, incorporating many points of view as long as they didn't violate certain basic dicta, such as our opposition to sexism and racism. There was some contention that Space City! had been carrying too much arts coverage; others of us countered that the problem was not *too much* culture, but not *enough* news to accompany it.

Anyway, the offshoot of all this was that one staff member was fired (for reasons other than ideological) and several others walked out. There were some problems concerning Space City! money and books, but they have since been resolved. And a number of people, some of them formerly with Space City!, have started a paper called Mockingbird.

It would be dishonest of us to say there is no bitterness, but it would also be uncomradely to say we do not wish them well. There is, we believe, room for two alternative papers in Houston. We hope, however, that the two can define their roles in such a way that they are not trying to do the exact same thing and reach the exact same people. We hope that the two papers can, after things settle down a bit and rumor-mongering, subsidies, cooperate rather than compete.

Bitter competition could spell the death of both papers, and that certainly would be a tragedy after three years of struggle. We also wish the Mockingbird people luck in their professed attempt to create a less alienating work situation; perhaps the decreased tension will be good for everyone concerned.

Mockingbird has an office on W. Alabama across the street from Grass Hut. We suggest you drop by, read their paper and see what they have to say.

Meanwhile, back at Space City! things are looking up. Karen and Thorne are back. There has been an influx of people, ideas and energy. We are opening a new office next week (the garage apartment at the southeast corner of Hawthorne and Yoakum) and will have a phone soon. Meanwhile, messages can be left with Who Cares?, 668-2265, and we'll call you back.

But, as always, we need input from you folks out there. We need writers, photographers and artists. We need news tips and story leads. And, you guessed it, we need financial help. Subscribe (see blank elsewhere). Sell the paper on street corners, at shopping centers, at concerts. You can get copies for a dime each at Turtle News, 712½ Fairview; you make 15 cents on each paper sold. And we need your perspectives on what Space City! should be. Respond to this letter; write us your thoughts and ideas.

This has been rambling, and it has only touched on the things we need to talk about. We want to write you more of these letters in future issues. And we hope to hear from you. But, for now . . .

Keep on Truckin',
The Space City! Collective

SPACE-CITY! 25¢

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We'd gone about as far as we could, and yet we weren't sure we were getting where we wanted to go. We wanted to do something qualitatively different.

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VOLUME III, NUMBER 24 HOUSTON, TEXAS NOVEMBER 18, 1972

Herman Short:

"My Temper is Short, My Eyes Are Bleary"



But, as always, we need input from you folks out there. We need writers, photographers, and artists. We need news tips and story leads.

VIETNAM: The



Vietnamese women cut bamboo spikes to use as weapons

If quickening American sentiment is mobilized again, it must go beyond the generalities of the past to have an effect.

by Jeff Shero

It's almost impossible for me to write about the war any more, I'm tired. Everyone's tired. Organizers who brought a half million people to march in Washington turn to communes in the country; GIs, morale sagging under the pointlessness of the fighting, turn to junk; students at Berkeley, Kent State and Columbia are back into their ivory towers; even Democratic presidential candidates tried to campaign on the economy without stressing that the fundamental basis for high taxes and inflation is the war.

But the Vietnamese have forced the issue once again, and as much as I would prefer to be tending my organic garden this afternoon, I'll give it another go.

The depressing aspect of writing articles like this is that the arguments that convinced Americans in 1967-68 are still fundamentally true. It's also depressing to know the majority want the war ended, even to the point of voting for Nixon who promised in the 1968 election that he had a secret plan for ending the war in six months. (Which is a little like buying a used car from a smooth talking dealer who promises it was only driven by a little old lady to the supermarket on Tuesday). But three and a half years later, it drags on.

So . . . Here we go again.

Social, Not Military Engagement

The Vietnamese offensive, taking place now on five fronts, proves the American and Saigon governments' plans for Vietnamization a failure. But no serious student of the war ever believed otherwise. After years of U.S. military newspeak, which has always promised victory, or, in more realistic moments, "light at the end of the tunnel," one becomes immune to distorted accounts of battlefield victories. Underlying social and economic forces, not battle reports, provide the building blocks for overall understanding.

News accounts portray the current battle as an invasion from the North, as if one country were invading another, with the U.S. forces defending the mugged party. A more accurate portrayal is that a temporarily divided people are fighting against a white foreign power, which maintains control over the southern cities through military power.

Of course, the argument of foreign communist attack of South Vietnam was the rationale devised by Johnson, Rusk and McNamara to justify the massive deployment of American troops. But the Geneva accords, which ended the fighting against the French in 1954, specifically stated that the order on the 17th parallel was "a provisional demar-

War Winds On

Cover graphic and those shown on these pages are taken from *The People of Vietnam Will Triumph! The U. S. Aggressors Will Be Defeated!—A Collection of Chinese Art Works in Support of the Vietnamese People's Struggle*, Foreign Languages Press, Peking, 1966.

cation line" for the purpose of holding elections, and was in no way to be constituted as a permanent national boundary. As Eisenhower wrote, our government fully understood that Ho Chi Minh, regarded as Vietnam's George Washington, would win any election. So the United States stepped in, inherited the support of the landlord class that supported the French, and brought Ngo Dinh Diem from a monastery in New Jersey to run the country for our interests.

The Vietnamese forces which fought the Japanese occupation in World War II, and the French colonialization effort, were once again confronted by partial rule by a foreign imperial power. Within three years, guerilla warfare began once again in the South, and the engagement took on the character of a civil war. Much as in China, the liberation forces were based in the peasantry, and fought for cooperative control of their land, offered programs of free medical care, education, the liberation of women and respect for ethnic minorities and religious belief.

Over the last seven years the U.S. military's limited vision of the war, as a military rather than social engagement of forces, has consistently produced incorrect assessment of success. This thinking led to the description of the Tet offensive as a failure, when in fact it proved to the American TV public the lie of U.S. success in Vietnam, made Lyndon Johnson a one term president and created the pressure for withdrawal of American troops. More recently this military analysis predicted an offensive in the Central Highlands aimed at seizure of Kontum, which was supposed to coincide with Nixon's visit to China. Again the Defense Department pictured overall Vietnamese forces disastrously weakened, and when the attack failed to materialize, crowed that pin point American bombing had broken the enemy's back in its last remaining stronghold!

The Vietnamese, on the other hand, have understood they can never defeat the American forces militarily. Their program has been to mobilize and educate people to the point they can endure the destruction of their land, while continually trying to break the morale of the ARVN army, stalemate the Americans in enclaves, win world opinion to their side, expose the corruption of the Saigon government and outlast the Americans.

They essentially say, you can control the cities and the skies, but we are on the ground. One day you will go home, and we will still be on the ground.

A confusing aspect of this policy, which causes many who follow the war to underestimate the strength of the revolution-



The Vietnamese can't go home. They're already there, to live or die.



ary forces, is that they never seize and hold cities in the South. Thus, the Saigon government always appears stronger than it is. But the revolutionary government knows that to take over cities, like Hue where it has broad support, would mean the city's total destruction by U.S. bombers.

To negate the Vietnamese strategy of controlling the countryside, the American strategy in the last two years has been to deny the countryside to the Provisional

Revolutionary Government (PRG) by forcible moving of people from the land to relocation areas or cities. Employing computers, electronic sensors and herbicides which destroy the land's ecology, and declaring vast areas as free fire zones, the air force attempts to terrorize anyone who wants to stay on his land after relocation.

In cities, the elaborate police state methods of passes, police spy networks, roundups, checks, censorship and the destruction

of family and village ties create a more easily controlled populace. At the beginning of the war 80 per cent of the people worked the land and 20 per cent lived in cities; at this point the figures under U.S. policy have almost been reversed.

The domestic calculation of this policy by the Nixon government has an inherently racist basis. Nixon calls his program Vietnamization, which he represents

Cont. on next page

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Carrying water to the gun positions

as a disengagement from the war. But under Nixon, the war has been extended, through invasions supported by the American army, into Laos and Cambodia. Currently, bombing is at record levels. What has changed is that ground troops are being pulled out, and the casualties of the war are Asian casualties. The carnage has spread and increased, yet Nixon was correct in assuming that as long as American boys weren't being killed, protest in America would subside, giving him time to employ his strategy to save the Saigon government and protect U.S. investment possibilities.

A striking example occurred on the CBS evening news in a report on the fighting in Quang Tri province last Thursday. The account pictured fighting, and gave a glimpse

of truckloads of civilians headed south. It mentioned in passing the sad look on their faces may be because they would not see their land or homes again. The Saigon government was going to relocate them. Some 25,000 people taken from their homes, so Quang Tri can be a free fire area, and only a two sentence mention on the news! One would wonder that if they were not sympathizers with the revolution before the fighting, what could they think of American and Saigon forces afterward.

**The Current Offensive:
"Brilliant"**

The tactical execution of this offensive has been excellent. The Saigon forces were rolled back along the demilitarized zone with

ease, proving that without massive air support the Saigon troops are an unmotivated, leaderless army. When key reinforcements from Saigon and Hue and air power were rushed to meet the thrust, a second attack was made along Hwy 9 toward Saigon. In addition, attacks were made on fire bases defending Hue. Both areas had been left weakened by the rushing of reserve troops to the northern front.

A feinting attack, which is likely to grow when forces are committed elsewhere, has taken place in the Central Highlands. Coinciding with this have been shellings at coastal cities, particularly around Da Nang. The U.S. response to the fighting on the Northern border, and the effort to save An Loc and Hwy 9, has vir-

tually freed guerilla forces to fight Saigon troops on an equal basis. Attacks throughout the Mekong Delta, which would have resulted in immediate air strikes by helicopters gunships, proceeded with great success. The timing and succession of attacks has bordered on the brilliant, given the enormously difficult supply and manpower problems the Vietnamese Revolutionary forces work under, and the fact that they have no air force.

A person who wishes to follow the fighting on a map should not ignore the total Indochina picture. The U.S. Air Force had been bombing Laos at an enormous level, in an effort to slow down the tightening grip on Vientiane. With the diversion of much of this bombing, stepped up attacks by the

Pathe-Lao can be expected. Already the key bridge between Vientiane and Pakse has been destroyed.

In Cambodia, the military government of Lon Nol has met internal disillusionment. Two thirds of Cambodia is in revolutionary hands. If the fighting continues in Vietnam, we can expect Komer Rouge attacks on Hwy 1 leading to Saigon, and Hwy 4 leading to the port of Kompong Som (the location of the only oil refinery) and along the Mekong river. The cutting of these transshipment routes, and the impossibility of government troops getting reinforcements tied down in fighting in Vietnam, would create a situation in which Pnom Penh could be surrounded and slowly strangled.

News accounts portray the current battle as an invasion from the North, as if one country were invading another, with the U.S. forces defending the mugged party.

For those who have any interest in the military situation, following the daily reports just leads to confusion, because it is impossible to memorize the geography and flow of various battles over a period of several months. A North Vietnamese once said, there was "no excuse for an American to be fooled by Pentagon lies." He went on to say that anybody who bought a detailed map, and followed the reports of battles in a newspaper like the New York Times would quickly learn the Defense Department misrepresentations of the situation. After I had been following the war for a number of years, the realization that U.S. forays, into the A Shau, all resulting in sweeping victories three years running prompted me to buy a map. (For Houstonians, I'd recommend the Rand McNally map of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia as one of the best, though place names are often given in the French spelling. It used to be available at Big City News.)



Pushing the PRG Peace Plan

As I wrote at the beginning of this piece, these sorts of articles create a certain sense of depression in me. I figure that most people who read Space City are already against the war. But last Saturday something like 200 protestors turned out to march in Houston.

People, myself included, feel impotent. The machinery of government, and the decisions of the powerful, seem so distant that our feelings on actions have no effect. Yet more than at any other time, there is wide-spread discontent about the intense inflation, which has resulted largely from the war. The primary victories of McGovern and Wallace hint that a tax payers revolt may be at hand.

The situation the U.S. government faces is not unlike the French position in 1954 after Dien Bein Phu. If quickening American sentiment is mobilized again, it must go beyond the generalities of the past to have an effect. The PRG offered an eight point compromise

program in Paris to which the United States never responded.

In essence, the program called for return of U.S. prisoners concurrent with U.S. withdrawal of all forces, land, sea and air. The PRG stated that a new government in Saigon be constituted one composed of Saigon government members, neutralists like the Buddhist forces, and PRG members who would then work out an election. They argued that President Thieu was put in office by rigged, U.S. supported elections in which no opposition candidates were allowed to run; and he would have to be replaced. The demand for reunification of Vietnam was dropped, and a neutral foreign policy

was promised.

Thus the issue on which to focus, when questioning political candidates or designing protests to stop the war, is Thieu. Is this nation's money, manpower and whatever honor can be scraped together after the last seven tawdry years committed to Thieu, or is there a greater commitment to stop the slaughter in Vietnam and begin the healing process at home? Anti-war forces should ask why the negotiations in Paris can't begin again, and why the Nixon government can't accept the eight points, a cease fire and a government of national accord in South Vietnam.

Without a focusing of protest,

They essentially say, you can control the cities and the skies, but we are on the ground. One day you will go home, and we will still be on the ground.

Nixon will be able to get away with his deceptive policy. The events of the last two weeks show that, like Johnson before him, Nixon will escalate the violence in Vietnam to preserve his claim to not being the first U.S. President to oversee an American defeat. And he will continue to refuse to begin what Sen. J. William Fulbright calls "meaningful negotiation for a political settlement."

The Vietnamese can't go home. They're already there, to live or die. The U.S. government could end the war any month it chose, but the current policy promises a continuation of the fighting for years to come.

"The use of a court structure and a court system to give murder, harassment and tyranny a legal basis is the root of the evil that Harrisburg symbolizes."

Kunstler on Conspiracy

by Rick Fine

William Kunstler, noted radical attorney, has been through his share of political conspiracy trials, and he spoke about some of them recently at the University of Houston.

His speech followed on the heels of the resolution of the Harrisburg Seven conspiracy trial, in which the government failed to win a conspiracy conviction but received lesser convictions on two of the defendants. (See news article, this issue.) Kunstler was a member of the Harrisburg defense team.

Kunstler has served as special counsellor to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Council of Federated Organizations (a Mississippi voter registration group).

He represented H. Rap Brown in 1967 when Brown was accused of inciting to riot in Cambridge, Maryland. Kunstler made headlines as defense attorney in the Chicago 8 Conspiracy trial and shortly thereafter, he began touring college campuses.

More recently, he served on the negotiating committee at Attica Prison.

Kunstler described Houston as a city with certain psychological problems. "I think it's a dangerous city. The Lee Otis Johnson story is as despicable and shameful an incident as I can think of." Lee Otis is just one victim of what Kunstler terms "the political trial."

America has learned the lesson England taught so well in the 16th and 17th centuries, he said: that it's better to try people than to assassinate them, because assassinations are hard to sell to the public. "There are many people who think it's wrong to garrote somebody on the street, even if he's a political enemy. But they don't share that feeling if you garrote him with a judicial decree. That they can accept."

According to Kunstler, the political trial has three purposes: 1) to destroy the prime defendant; 2) to chill those who might be influenced by the prime defendant; 3) to energize those who are the middle mass — whose support is absolutely necessary to maintain a government, be it the Third Reich or the American Republic.

"We call them the silent or silenced majority, depending on how you look at it. 'The silent majority' was the term Homer used to describe the dead in the *Iliad*. But they are not dead."

The trial of Jesus Christ is a classic, successful political trial. The initial objective was the destruction of Jesus — a maverick in the year 33 who had strange economic, social, political and religious ideas, who had amassed a following, and who threatened the status quo. Jesus was crucified. The Disciples were split by fear. And the middle mass was united behind the crucifixion.

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The United States government has used that strategy on many an occasion. Probably the most familiar case to Space City! readers is that of Lee Otis Johnson. What was the objective in putting a man in prison for 30 years for the possession of a joint? Was it just incidental that he was one of those the police were after because a cop died at TSU, or that he was a field secretary for SNCC?

Moving back to the federal level, Kunstler described at length the "crime" of conspiracy. "Notice that the Berrigan jurors were totally confused by the judge's charge on conspiracy. They insisted it be read and re-read to them because they didn't understand it. And they're right! The crime of conspiracy is fantasy."

The theory behind conspiracy is simple. If you can't nail your opponents for an illegal act, or an attempted act, you get them for *thinking* about it. That's all conspiracy is: thinking. And you don't even have to prove it.

You need only two elements: an informer who will say, 'I heard people say A, B, and C, plus an overt act. The defendants don't even have to meet, so long as they were thinking about something. And in most Great American Conspiracies, the overt act is a legal act. "What I'm doing now was the overt act for all but one act in the Chicago indictments — that the defendants spoke in public meetings." The jury is permitted to *infer*, not *prove*, the conspiracy.

The very word "conspiracy" brings a chill to the hearts of many Americans. "In California, it brings so much chill that a conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor is a felony! If you do it you get one year. If you fantasize you get seven," Kunstler said.

Dr. Benjamin Spock landed in the first conspiracy trial in 1966. He and five others were accused of the same crime as Socrates. Socrates allegedly planned to subvert the youth of Athens. Spock allegedly subverted the youth of America by recommending draft resistance to young men.

Their overt acts were public speeches. All but one were convicted. It was the last political conspiracy trial the United States has won. Their convictions were overturned, and the government dropped the case.

None of the three objectives were met. The government didn't destroy Spock & Co. It didn't chill Americans, because the crescendo increased. "In fact, so much so," said Kunstler, "that it forced a prominent resident of this state to virtually resign the Presidency." And, it failed to unite middle America in favor of the war. Quite the opposite.

According to Kunstler, "The government has a vision of a person. He lives just outside Lawrence, Kansas. And every night

he checks his silo to see if a Molotov cocktail has been thrown into it. And he casts an apprehensive eye towards the students of the University of Kansas. That's the one they cater to: a good and decent man or woman, but afraid of the future and afraid of the loss of his property.

"And that man just couldn't buy Ben Spock as a revolutionary. After all, he probably weaned his children on Spock's books! Who could see a baby doctor as the architect of American revolution? So Spock and William Sloan Coffin and a handful of Jewish intellectuals weren't enough to get our man in Lawrence uptight."

The government tried again, this time with the Chicago 8. Why is the magic number always eight? In Harrisburg, co-counsel Ramsey Clark explained to Kunstler that the defense table only holds eight people comfortably with their lawyers. Everyone else becomes an "un-indicted co-conspirator." Named, but not indicted, because they simply can't get you around the table. Clark says it's just a practical, logistical problem.

The Chicago defendants were carefully selected. Two young, white radicals: Davis and Hayden. Two Yippies: Rubin and Hoffman. A man old enough to be truly evil: David Dellinger (referred to as the "architect of evil" in the government's opening statement). Next came a professor and a student, just what every good conspiracy needs: John Froines and Lee Weiner.

Kunstler sharply pointed out the value of Froines: "He was a chemist with his Ph.D. from a British University. One of the 14 charges was that Froines created the 'Great Stink Bomb Plot.' As a chemist, he knew of a substance called buteric acid. You can buy it at any drugstore. When exposed to fresh air, it smells like fresh vomit. The Froines Conspiracy was that he had purchased a bottle of buteric acid (because of his superior chemical knowledge); that he had hired women dupes (the government is quite chauvanistic), and that these women dupes would enter the Charade A-Go-Go where many delegates were whooping it up. They would pour the buteric acid onto kleenexes, and drop it on the floor. Overcome by the odor, the delegates would flee into the lobby. There other women dupes would seduce them and take them to their rooms. Drained of their vital juices, they could not get the strength to go four miles south to the Amphitheater to vote for Hubert H. Humphrey!"

Froines was acquitted of this charge. Not because it seemed far-fetched, but because a policeman testified that it was planned for Friday, Aug. 30, 1968. HHH was nominated two days earlier. The jury couldn't understand how seducing delegates on the 30th could weaken them on the 28th.

The last member of the octet was former Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale. Those



Photo by Donn Roth

"There are those who believe that electoral politics can change things, I think this is a terrible delusion."

were the days when J. Edgar Hoover called the Black Panthers "the most subversive influence in American life" (excluding himself from consideration). Kunstler claims that someone pointed out to John Mitchell that Seale gave a 15 minute speech in Lincoln Park on Tuesday, Aug. 27. With that fine mind of his, Mr. Mitchell must have said, "Throw him in." So Seale was indicted and they had the eight.

"They got rid of Seale very fast; they bound and gagged him, then served him. The jury acquitted everybody! They acquitted Froines of his stink bomb plot! Weiner had a similar plot. He wanted to blow up the concrete underground garage with a single Molotov cocktail. Again the jury fooled the government.

"So the government decided that the next conspiracy trial would be different. No more Yippies, no more white radicals, no more Benjamin Spocks. This time they're going to give that man in Lawrence what he really wants: tarnished priests and nuns!

"So they got together as grotesque a plot that has ever been devised by mortal man, and created the following scenario: on Washington's birthday, 1971, nuns and priests would fan through the steam pipes of Washington. Armed with information from a professor (not chemistry this time, but physics), they would locate five junction boxes controlling all the steam in all the radiators in official Washington. They would then detonate a stick of dynamite in each junction box.

"Within a few hours, all heat would cease in Washington. Finally, only the most cold-blooded government officials (probably limited to cabinet level) would remain at their jobs. Everyone else would go home and find one way or another that human beings find to keep warm.

"The next day, our nuns and priests would disguise themselves as tourists (Ramsey Clark says that means wearing cameras) and meet on the White House lawn to tour

the place. When they passed the second floor office of Henry Kissinger, they would peel off like Phantom jets, sneak into his office, tie him up with sacerdotal cloths and then disguise him as a benedicting friar and take him through the security guards.

"They would make off with Kissinger to a convent in Anacostia and hide him in a basement. While teaching him elemental catacism, they would send a note (probably in Latin) to the White House. When our Fearless Leader got the note translated, it would say that Father Henricus would be kept until Nixon stopped bombing North Vietnam and withdrew American support. Otherwise Father Henricus would be mortus."

"Is there anything that anyone would do to you, or your brothers and sisters, for which you would risk your life? Is there anything so indecent that you would be moved to break the law?"

That plot was announced by J. Edgar Hoover on the day after Thanksgiving, 1970. On Jan. 12, 1971, a grand jury indicted five Roman Catholics and one other person for conspiracy to kidnap Henry Kissinger. The five were an interesting lot. Phillip Berrigan, a Joseph priest, was already comfortably in jail for pouring blood on draft records in Baltimore, and for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland.

Then came a woman: Sister Elizabeth McAllister. Next came two more Josephite priests; Neil McLaughlin and Joe Wendroth. Then they threw in Tony Scoblich, a former priest who married a former nun. That would raise eyebrows in Lawrence, Kansas. Then, like Chicago, they shot for a non-Catholic who would raise racist fears: a Pakistani Moslem with the traditional American name of Egbal Ahmed.

In April of 1971, the government re-indicted everybody, changing the crime from conspiracy to rip off Kissinger to a conspiracy to rip off draft boards. And they added two more conspirators: Ted Glick; and Scoblich's wife Mary, the ex-nun.

That exhausted the chairs at the counsel table.

One joy of a conspiracy trial is that the government picks the place to try it. It can be held any place an overt act was committed.

With Spock, Boston was a good location: Irish-Catholic conservatism, war support sentiment (in those days, anyway) — a good place to prosecute a bunch of Protestants and Jews. There were plenty of choices for the Chicago 8, but Mayor Daley's city seemed an apt choice. The Harrisburg trial could have landed in any of four states, however.

The obvious place is Washington, where the dirty work was to take place. But Washington has too many schools and too many students. It has good transportation, (which could lead to a packed, noisy courtroom.) And the town is 70 per cent black.

The other possibilities were New Jersey and Connecticut. Trenton and Newark, the New Jersey sites, are both on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, have lots of schools, lots of blacks and lots of Catholics. Connecticut means New Haven or Hartford. Same disabilities, plus lots of political activism.

So that leaves Harrisburg. In the middle federal district of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg draws all its jurors from Protestant counties. There are no schools worth a damn anywhere. And almost no blacks or Catholics. The transportation is lousy. Both local congressmen are hawks. Harrisburg was it.

But again the jury fooled them. The Great Conspiracy went up in smoke. For uncovering this one, the FBI got a supplemental appropriation for \$1.5 million. In

Kunstler

the process, Hoover named Daniel Berrigan as the leader in the plot. In the first indictment, Daniel was an un-indicted co-conspirator. In the second indictment, he vanished completely! Quite a trick after being fingered by our nation's chief cop before a Senate subcommittee.

After a long trial, Phillip Berrigan and Sister McAllister were convicted merely of smuggling letters — contraband — in and out of jail. "I am as guilty as they are!" exclaimed Kunstler. "I wear around my neck a peace symbol which Daniel Berrigan gave me and I smuggled it out of jail. The same act that Sister McAlister may serve 30 years for. I freely admit it. I'm as guilty as she is! I did exactly the same thing!"

"That's all the jury could do. That's all the Great Conspiracy to Kidnap Henry Kissinger came down to — a crock of shit."

Another similar trial will begin shortly — Tony Russo and Daniel Ellsberg. This trial differs because Russo and Ellsberg freely admit guilt. The question is not whether they did it. The question is whether that amounts to a crime.

No state has won a conspiracy trial in more than three years. The Oakland 7 were accused of conspiracy to block troop movements on the West Coast by sitting down in front of trains. Acquitted. The Black Panthers in New York were accused of conspiracy to blow up department stores on Good Friday, 1969. After an 8-month trial, the jury acquitted not only the defendants present, but also two who had jumped bail for Algeria. The Detroit Black Panthers were acquitted of conspiracy to murder policemen. The New Orleans Black Panthers were acquitted of the same charge. And the same again in Los Angeles.

The Harlem 5 were acquitted of a conspiracy to kill a cop a week, get their .38 Specials and take over Manhattan Island. "If you think I'm telling you an embellishment there," added Kunstler, "the additional charge was that they were going to use magnesium to burn down all the bridges connecting Manhattan with New Jersey, Brooklyn, and Queens. Presumably, after they had enough .38 Specials, they would hold up a magnesium store."

Bobby Seale, accused of conspiracy to murder an informer, got a hung jury 11 to one for acquittal. Huey Newton also got a hung jury on a murder charge. Indictment dismissed. Soledad brothers — acquittal.

Kunstler feels the cases all flopped for one reason: juries can still render just verdicts. Therefore, he says, "it's only a matter of time before we lose the juries. If the government can't sell these half-assed plots to juries, they're going to sell them to judges, who are much more malleable, particularly ambitious ones."

Already Puerto Rico has enacted legislation permitting convictions by only nine of 12 jurors. No more unanimity; fewer hung juries. Some states are invoking six-member juries to lower the odds. The federal government and many states are taking away the right to question jurors. The judge does the questioning, not the lawyers. In most states, jury pay is set so low that poorer people cannot serve.

"The use of a court structure and a court system to give murder, harassment and tyranny a legal basis is the root of the evil that Harrisburg symbolizes. People should ask many questions about Harrisburg! Those of you who just feel that it's a waste of money — your money, \$2.5 million worth — might ask yourselves why? Also ask yourself about the use of the informer. It doesn't matter whether his name is Judas Iscariot or Boyd Douglas. If you have 30 pieces of silver you can get your informer. At least 10 : SPACE CITY!

Judas had the decency to give back the money and hang himself!

"Now the question is what do you do about all this? I do not think the system is relatively free when it is afraid of people, and when people confront it.

"There are many ways of confronting it. There are some that take no risk. There are some that involve strong personal risk. There is a morality to it that each man and woman must govern for himself or herself.

"There are some things that people feel compelled to do in the face of an indecency. A few will do things that may seem very dangerous and even wicked to others. The struggle is very broad.

"There are those who believe that electoral politics can change things. I think this is a terrible delusion. A change of personnel does not change a system. Putting Tweedledee where Tweedledum sat makes very little difference. I am not against electoral politics for those who want to indulge in it — as long as they know that I feel no change in American life has ever come through the doctrine of electoral politics. And yet I recognize it as part of the struggle.

"But I'm not appealing to the people who think only in terms of electoral politics. It's safe. You don't jeopardize yourself, unless you get into a little stealing, as is apparently the case in this state!

"There are other methods, too. I lump them all under the Idea of confrontation. I really think that 1984 will come unless there are people — a few — who will confront and who will risk themselves in doing it.

"There always have been such people! We sit here today because they went down in the past. We live on their bodies, whatever their names be: John Brown, Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Paine, or Jesus. They all follow a certain pattern.

"There must still be people like that. And while I don't say, 'Go out and dynamite the White House,' I do think people ought to think in terms of a natural progression of protest in opposition. Is there anything that anyone would do to you, or your brothers and sisters, for which you would risk your own life? Is there anything so indecent that you would be moved to break the law?

"These are thoughts that everyone has. We may not think of kidnapping Henry Kissinger. It would be a great act if he were kidnapped and it really stopped the war. I would support that. I don't think it would happen. Father Henricus would be as expendable as the guards at Attica.

"But there are things that people do think about. Some people are ripping off draft boards. It's against the law. If you get caught, you go to jail. I can't say I'm against it.

"Some people are ripping off FBI files. It's against the law. I can't say I'm against it.

"Some people want to board munitions ships in San Francisco harbor and throw the shells into the water. I think it would be a good thing. It's against the law. Many of the people who would scream about it would certainly support the Boston Tea Party.

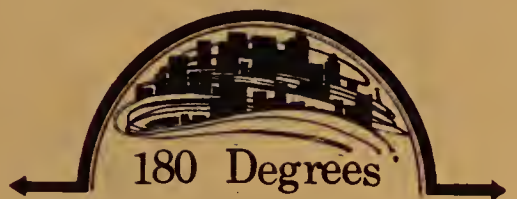
"This war is deepening hourly. Something we thought had vanished in a way, and only gooks were being killed, not our brothers and friends. Now suddenly it's back. The planes are out again tonight. And somewhere there must be a responsibility for this thing.

"And some people are going to think in terms of what they do with their lives. Not only with the war in Vietnam, but with the underlying forces of it which stem from our own racism; our exultation of the dollar

over every other value; and our inability to remember.

"When Chou En Lai was entertaining James Reston after that famous ping-pong match, he asked Reston, 'What is the most enduring characteristic of the American people?' Reston replied, 'Premier, they have no memories.' I think that's very true. Who thinks of My Lai or Kent State or Jackson State or Fred Hampton or George Jackson?"

The defense rests.



by Victoria Smith

It seems that Houston just passed through one of those blah weeks again, with the most startling news events being the Pay Board's denial of the Harris County commissioners' 36 per cent pay raise (which the court voted 3-1 in January to request), Mayor Louie Welch's proposed \$211,870, 995 budget and local variations on the theme of the Major League Baseball Players Association strike.

I've noticed that the local television stations have been having a time of it lately, trying to fill up even 15 minutes, let alone a full hour, with local news. (That hour long news is a killer. In our home, it's Cronkite and Chancellor, and after that, the rest is usually silence.)

It's been a big week for world and national news, and between the Vietnamese offensive and the McGovern/Wallace showing in Wisconsin, it's a little hard for me to get excited about this year's record sales tax collection by the city of Houston.

But something did happen here last week that seems worthy of note, if only because it's such an oddly hush-hush event. Last Friday, April 7, the editorial workers at the Houston Post voted on the question of whether they wanted to be represented by the American Newspaper Guild. They voted 64-59 that they didn't. Thus ended some two months of union organizing, agitation, meetings open and secret, all amidst a highly-charged emotional atmosphere quite uncommon, from what I can gather, in the city room of the Post.

The American Newspaper Guild (AFL-CIO) is not an especially well known nor, in many cases, even a very powerful union, although it can be when it chooses. One generally thinks of the Guild as representing editorial workers, although it also represents other classes of newspaper personnel as well. Its strength at the collective bargaining table and in the never-ending battles against management varies from local to local. For example, the Minneapolis-St. Paul chapter, of which I was member in 1967, was considered highly influential. I recall that our Guild won a stirring victory over the Ridder family (a reactionary and generally dispicable clan which publishes such shoddy excuses for newspaper journalism as the St. Paul Dispatch-Pioneer Press)

when it forced the rehiring of a copy boy who had been fired for having a beard. He got to keep his beard and was given several months back pay as well. Anyway, I was told by the more seasoned reporters that our chapter was strong, but that there were

others that weren't worth the price of a union card.

Despite whatever inconsistencies the Guild may exhibit from city to city, I am beginning to think that for any Texas newspaper (and certainly either of the two Houston dailies) to "go Guild" would constitute an event ranking just below a palace revolution. Texas newspaper publishers seem absolutely united in their stand against the Guild: as far as I know, the only major daily in the state represented by this union is the San Antonio Light. The reasons are many, I'm sure. I've never had occasion to examine the question from a management point of view, but I would imagine that the nicest explanation with which one could credit a Texas publisher is, we can take care of our workers jes' fine ourselves, thank you. At least, that's what the Houston Post management in part suggested, in an impressive, 33-page document entitled, "The Houston Post Company Answers."

This latest effort is not the first time the Guild has attempted to gain a foothold in Houston. Some Houston Chronicle old-timers still talk about a close and bitter Guild battle several years ago at their newspaper, in which the election failed by a slim margin. I understand that such heavy reprisals befell some activist reporters after the union defeat that to this day one simply

taking predominance. She seemed somewhat satisfied that at least there had been, and may continue to be, some collective discussion concerning the quality of the paper, which, many reporters seem to feel, is quite low.

Closely tied to the question of quality, of course, is the question of employee control over that quality inasmuch as that is possible. It was the issue of control, and the Guild's relationship to it, that seems to have been one of the dividing lines among the Post employees. Could union representation open new lines of communication between company and employee to allow the employee more say in determining the final product?

But to the pro-Guild reporter I talked with, the question was not only whether that sort of influence would be possible, but whether some editorial workers thought it even desirable. "You know," she said sardonically, "There's something a little bit isolated about Houston. It's like the issue of self-government: do you want it or not? The people said no."

As might be expected, management personnel tended to be unusually interested in the employees during the days leading up to the election. The reporter said that it's possible the workers finally had the company's ear, but, she added that she wasn't

and handed the phone to another female reporter, who protested that she didn't consider herself pro-company but that she wasn't pro-Guild either.

"I thought it (the Guild) would probably do more harm than good," she explained, "and I don't feel that the product can deteriorate any more than it already has." She said she felt that "meaningful lines of communication" had been established because of the union activity, and "I don't think they'll be closed."

She said she felt that Guild representation would take the emphasis from the "quality of the product" and focus it on petty issues and paper work. She seemed to appreciate the fact that the Guild activity had stirred editorial workers to question the "givens" at the Post: "There was lots of agonizing and soul searching," she said. "I've never seen anything like it and I've been here longer than anyone except God and Mrs. (Oveta Culp) Hobby, and I'm not so sure about God."

She also had some strong criticisms of the Post operations. "The Post is basically a slave to production," she said. "There's a bitter joke around here, that if Christ is coming, he'd better get here before the 4 o'clock meeting."

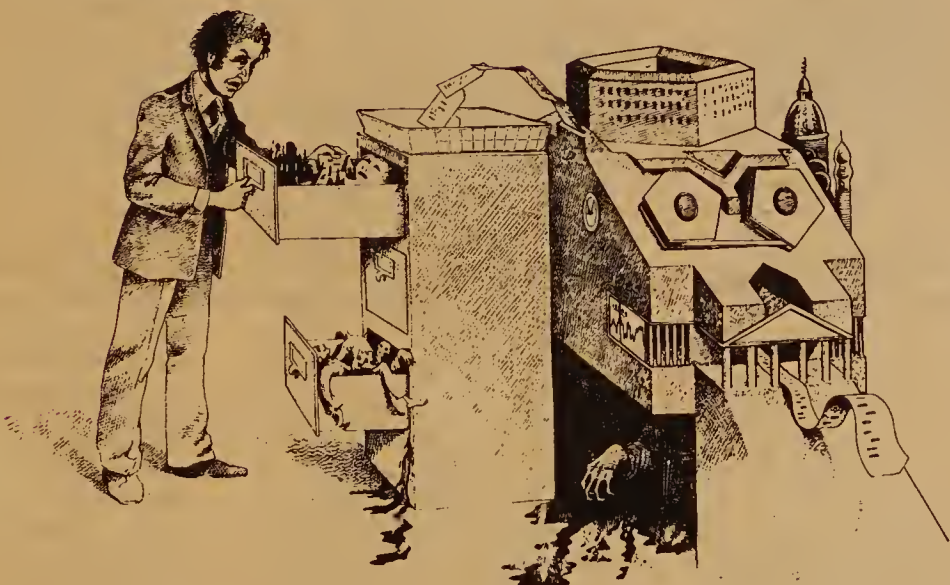
(I wanted to get a management point of view on the issue, but was unable to reach the man who apparently represented management in the situation, James Crowther, vice president, secretary and general counsel for the Post. I hear that some reporters refer to him as "Crafty" Crowther. When the union activity began last February, I was curious to see exactly how the company would halt it, as I felt sure it would. I still have very little sense of the strategy, but it was obviously sophisticated and subtle, playing off the fears of some reporters that the Guild would mean loss of individuality and the institution of some formal, inflexible relationship between management and staff. Particularly in the company document, which was distributed to all editorial workers, there seemed to be a theme of the union as some alien influence coming in to disrupt the happy Hobby family and its happy children.)

Well, I've met quite a few Post reporters and I've never met a happy one. I've never met him, but I'll bet even someone like Lynn Ashby isn't really happy, even though he gets his own column plus laurels at least twice a week in the letters column. Would you be happy if you worked for the Houston Post, unless you owned it? And even then you'd have to be in it for the money and power, not for the social responsibility, bringing-the-news-to-the-people aspect, or you couldn't possibly be happy with those daily four-odd sections of advertising, wire copy, syndicated columns plus some local news and feature stories filling in the gaps.

Some reporters I know approach their problems and frustrations on the individual level, fighting to get some controversial article printed, arguing with an immediate supervisor. I understand there have been a few individual victories. Some reporters sit around in little groups and grumble a lot about some story that was edited into oblivion or a sexist slur from the city desk. The recent Guild effort was the first major, ORGANIZED (although apparently organized none too well) attempt at the Post to hit at the problems of quality of content and general employee impotence that I can recall since I've been in Houston. I have no idea whether the Post employees could have built a strong, effective Guild local, whether it would have helped solve any of the enormous problems faced by the editorial workers. But it's too bad that such an overt, daring effort (daring by Post reporter standards) had to fail.

Better luck next go around.

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Files : American Dialog/LNS

does not talk about the Guild in the Chronicle city room in tones above a whisper.

There seems to be a general feeling at the Post, however, that management will not use the heavy hand now that the election has come and gone, although I must admit that I speak with no real authority on the subject. "One of the smartest things the company did was not to break heads," one strongly pro-Guild Post reporter told me. Whether any heads will get broken at some point in the future is still uncertain, she added. "People are waiting to see if there will be any reprisals" for pro-union activity.

The reasons the Guild election failed are obviously complex. So complex, in fact, that I almost felt bad asking this war-torn reporter to lay out some of those reasons as she saw them.

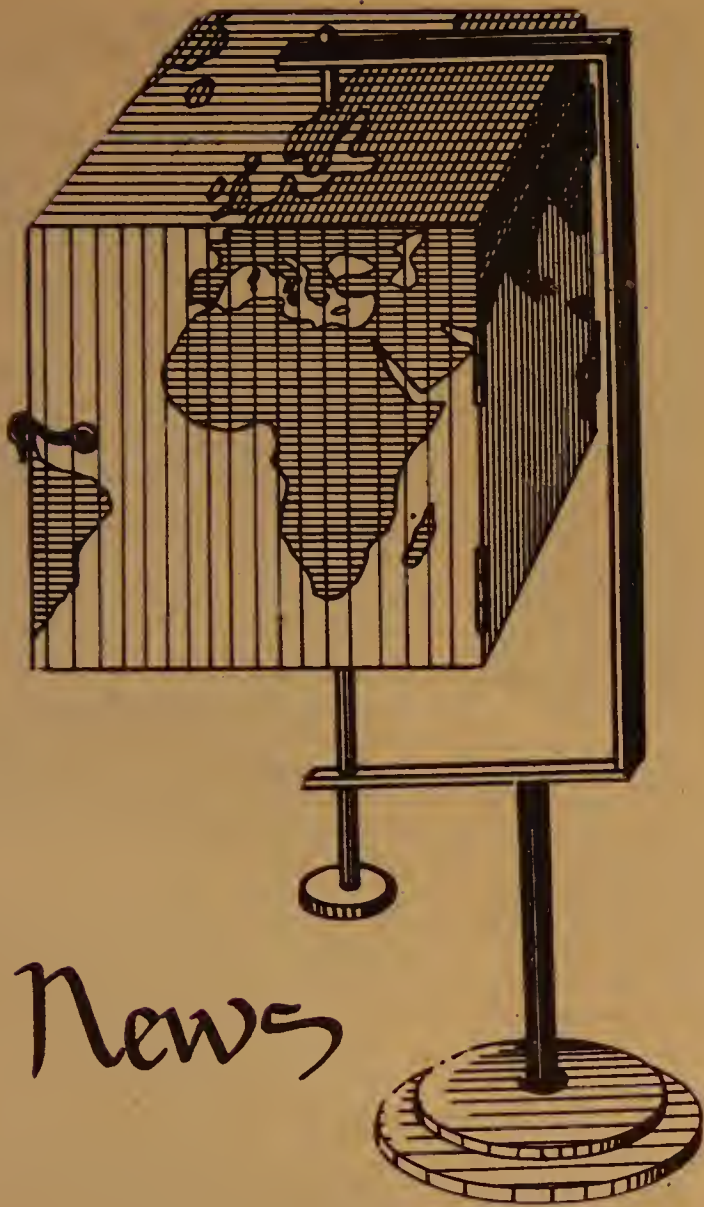
Her initial response was one of cynical resignation, understandable under the circumstances. "Oh, ignorance," she said. "The yokels refused to vote in the Communist menace." But her tone quickly became more thoughtful and analytic. The two main issues, she said, were salaries and the quality of the newspaper, with the latter

sure that the new responsiveness wasn't just another campaign tactic. She suggested that management interest in its employees leaned toward the nosy side. "The company had good information" on the union activities, she said, "and I suspect that there was a lot of spying going on." No doubt, I am told that the paranoia level in the Post city room over the last few months has been exceptionally high: some of the more timid pro-unionists reportedly adopted such tactics surreptitious as note-passing.

Another factor influencing the outcome of the election, she said, was the role played by the city desk employees, who were generally opposed to the Guild. "The city editor's campaigning was the most effective," she said.

I have heard numerous reporters complain about the atmosphere of alienation and isolation at the Post and, in that context, it isn't hard to see how someone from city desk could produce a complete about-face in a young reporter, simply by paying some attention to him or her.

After I had talked with the pro-Guild reporter for a while, she asked, "Do you want to talk to someone who's pro-company?"



Achilles' Heel

The New York Times recently reported that Karleton Lewis Armstrong, wanted by the FBI in connection with a bombing at the University of Wisconsin 18 months ago, was arrested by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in February.

After the bombing of the Army Mathematics Research Center on the Madison campus Aug. 24, 1970, the FBI began a nationwide search for four young men. They face charges of first degree murder, sabotage, destruction of government property and conspiracy.

The Madison bombing, which caused extensive damage to the Army's research center, resulted in the death of Robert Fassnacht, 33, a graduate student, who was working in the building when the blast went off at 3:45 a.m.

Three days after the bombing, an underground group calling itself the New Year Gang, claimed responsibility for the incident. The New York Times reported that one day after the blast, leaflets were distributed in downtown Madison in behalf of those who "support and understand the action," saying:

"We are not lunatics and our actions are not wanton. We want to live and we want to be free and if the military suppresses life and freedom then we must suppress the military."

As Nixon supposedly winds down the war in Indochina with troop withdrawals, war technology and its various facets — research and development, production and deployment — have

become even more important and necessary in the continuing war.

Asia is one big electronic battlefield so what the Armed Forces need is not large quantities of unskilled and uneducated soldiers but qualified technicians and pilots.

The suppliers of these technicians with their efficient weapons and surveillance-intelligence systems counterparts lies directly with the Military Research Network (MRN).

MRN is a network of university laboratories and research institutes. It is only in the last three decades (starting with the Manhattan Project responsible for the A-bomb) that advancements in instruments of warfare have come from organized scientific investigations, rather than random experimentation or refinement of existing devices.

In these university labs are concentrations of scientific personnel — professors and highly educated graduate students. These centers are most often under Department of Defense contracts, like the para-university-independent research organizations of the Rand Corp and other such "think tools."

Various economic relationships exist between these centers of research and development and the Department of Defense but they are all contributing directly to the war effort. There is little distinction within the MRN between the academic and non-academic organizations or their functions.

We have received a letter,

apparently mailed to numerous commercial and alternative media, detailing a strategy for a project which describes technology as the "Achilles Heel" of the war effort. This letter asks that a special campaign against the research centers of the MRN be carried out.

"Death itself has become, literally, an academic question," the authors of the letter write. "In these research centers, weapons are designed that will inflict endless suffering, unbearable torture and irreversible damage to the people of Southeast Asia. Their primary importance is not to kill but through the use of torture to terrify and destroy the people psychologically and force them to escape from their villages and run to the cities and refugee camps. Thus, the entire economic and social fabric of the country is destroyed. (Electronic warfare) will allow the war in Southeast Asia to continue without the large armies of the past. Withdrawal may mean virtually the end of deaths of Americans but not Southeast Asians."

The project letter declares, "Every responsible student has the ability to participate in some level in the sabotage of these centers — either directly or indirectly." It suggests that people with access to files, keys and so forth liberate important documents and publish exposes as did Daniel Ellsberg.

The letter goes on to call on those working within the war industry to participate in "Operation Screw-Loose," in which those engaged in the production of a necessary component cause enough damage to render the mechanism non-functional. "Anyone who has observed a gun with slightly imperfect parts misfire, a clock lose time or a computer react to jumbled information can easily imagine how vulnerable all aspects of war technology are," the letter reads.

Another tactic suggested is that of mal-production, citing the example of recent sabotage at the Vega plant where employees assembled an entire line of cars which they knew would be unsafe. The publication of this report prevented the company from unloading the cars on the public and millions of dollars were lost. The normal sloppiness of American mass production is excellent cover for the studied sloppiness of sabotaging employees, the letter says.

The anonymous activists also call for overground activities to be organized against particular war plants or their consumer goods subsidiaries. The Vietnam Police Parade Committee is currently calling for a nationwide boycott of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company and its subsidiaries: Wonderbread, Morton's Frozen Foods, Profile Bread, Hostess Cupcakes, Twinkies and Continental Baking Company.

"Imagine the embarrassment of Wonderbread ('Wonderbread Builds Strong Bodies 12 Ways') if the fact were widely publicized that Wonderbread also makes electronic sensors which organize the destruction of innocent

bodies 12 ways," the letter says.

Another suggested tactic is the pressuring of companies to change their directions, while realizing that this approach serves mainly as a means of propaganda to show the public that these companies will never willingly cease production of war materials.

The "Honeywell Project" was cited as an example of pressure being applied to companies to change their direction. Honeywell is the largest Department of Defense contractor for anti-personnel weapons, and the number one corporation and largest employer in the state of Minnesota. A group of Minneapolis people tried to expose the image of the company through demonstrations, leafletting workers, contacting Honeywell scientists and engineers, speaking at stockholders meetings, on talk-shows, at colleges and rallies, instituting law suits and meeting with the chairman of the board to offer assistance in changing Honeywell's direction to a constructive one.

The "Achilles Heel Project" emphasized that it was not saying that all war protestors should immediately get themselves sticks of dynamite and blow up themselves or an innocent bystander, but, the authors say, sabotaging war plants and research centers is a correct and necessary direction to move in to stop the slaughter in Southeast Asia.

Trial Ends in Harrisburg

The trial of the Harrisburg 7 ended Wednesday, April 7. Although the government failed to get its conspiracy conviction, it did manage to convict two of the more famous defendants on charges of smuggling letters in and out of Lewisburg Prison.

The Reverend Philip Berrigan, S. S. J., and Sister Elizabeth McAllister were the only two of the seven defendants found guilty on any charges. Berrigan can be put away for another 40 years in prison. He is currently in prison for destroying draft files in Catonsville, Maryland, in 1968. Elizabeth McAllister can get up to 30 years.

The outcome of the trial appeared to be anti-climactic. The defense refused to put anybody on the stand, and, as a result, refused to refute the charges levied against the seven by the government. The defendants were accused of conspiring to kidnap presidential aide, Henry Kissinger, blowing up heating ducts in Washington, D.C. and raiding draft boards in nine states. In response defense lawyer Ramsey Clark merely stated, "We seek peace. We always have and we always will search for peace. The defense rests."

The basis for the government's case was the testimony of Boyd F. Douglas, a former inmate who befriended Philip Berrigan while the two were in prison together in Lewisburg. The government had hoped to show the conspiracy through Douglas on the basis of letters he had smuggled in and out of the prison, letters smugg-

led in from Sister McAllister and out by Berrigan. Allegedly, the letters spoke of kidnapping Kissinger ("a bachelor, he's our best bet") and holding him as ransom until the Nixon Administration ended the war.

On the stand, however, the defense picked Douglas apart. Douglas frequently changed his story to fit what he was trying to tell the jury. One such example concerned conversation that allegedly took place between Douglas and Berrigan in the Lewisburg prison. Douglas, on the stand, was speaking of the kidnapping plan and was asked about Father Berrigan's attitude towards violence. "I told him that the plan could not be carried out without a gun, and he agreed."

They proceeded to talk of the conspiracy to blow up the heating ducts in Washington and Douglas told Berrigan that he was an explosives expert. The defense pushed Douglas as to what Berrigan spoke of at this time. Douglas claimed that they spoke of the bombing of the chemistry lab at the University of Wisconsin in August, 1970. According to Douglas, Berrigan said that "the life of a single person in America is very small when compared to the atrocities in Vietnam." It was later proven, however, that Berrigan had been moved to Danbury Prison in Danbury, Connecticut, the day before the bombing at Wisconsin and therefore, could not have spoken to Douglas of this incident.

On the surface, the outcome of the trial is hopeful. J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI tried to hang the Harrisburg people. Hoover tried Berrigan and his small group of pacifists long before an indictment was ever handed down to any member of the group. Yet, still, we must not forget that two have been convicted on charges of smuggling letters out of prison.

Although at this writing, neither of the two have been sentenced, and defense attorney's have speculated that neither will get more than a year in prison, if that; and while friends of mine in law school tell me that nobody has ever spent a day in jail for smuggling letters in or out of prison, I don't know if the government will agree with that. It seems doubtful, however, that the government will be content to let five of the group go free and the remaining two be "probated."

The government is afraid of Berrigan and his group, and cannot, from its standpoint, let them go free. No other group in America has maintained its non-violence and lauded its merits so loudly. No other group in the past few years has carried the Peace Movement, or the "pro-life" Movement, like the Berrigans and their people.

People's Liberation Armed Forces of Vietnam

by Luis M. Arce

Eleven years ago on Feb. 15 the patriotic forces of South Vietnam united into the Peo-

ple's Liberation Armed Forces (PLAF). During this period three presidents in the White House, six U.S. commanders-in-chief in South Vietnam and three puppets in Saigon have been defeated. More than 50,000 U.S. soldiers have been killed in the rice fields of Indochina and some 300,000 mutilated. And the United States has spent more than \$350,000 million in the war effort.

Three basic U.S. strategies were also defeated during this period.

John Kennedy witnessed the failure of his policy of neocolonization during the era of the bloody Ngo Dinh Diem dictatorship.

Kennedy, and then Lyndon Johnson, witnessed the crushing defeat of the undeclared special war from 1961 to 1964; this was the era of the 30,000 U.S. advisors, and of economic aid and military equipment being supplied to the Saigon Army.

Johnson was the one who decided on the use of elite U.S. troops in direct aggression as part of the rescue operation to avoid a debacle. It was local war, or the Americanization of a war which was American to the core. This was the period of the Tonkin Gulf farce and the jingoist anti-Vietnamese hysteria of the U.S. Congress, the Seventh Fleet, trust in the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy as well as in the 1,250,000 U.S. Saigon and satellite soldiers in the air war of destruction against the North and in escalation. In short it was the golden era of the hawks and doves, the era when the Pentagon didn't have the slightest doubt that it would destroy the PLAF in two years at the most, with only a slight cost in human and material resources.

Johnson witnessed the crushing defeat of air escalation in the DRV and the virtual failure of the Yankee Army. He ordered the bombing of schools, churches, hospitals and hamlets, making himself and his government the enemy of every Vietnamese man, woman and child. With the Tet offensive he saw the beginning of defeat of the most modern army in the capitalist world.

Richard Nixon took office and quickly instituted unprecedented measures in an attempt to obtain a military victory: he invaded Cambodia and Laos, spread the bombing to all of Indochina and involved new nations and men in the total

genocide.

There has been more bombing in the three years of the Nixon Administration than there had been in the previous eight: with the B-52s and their blockbuster bombs, Nixon devastated whole regions regardless of who or what might be living in them. His withdrawal of part of the Yankee expeditionary forces was not due to a whim or an act of goodwill. Rather, he was witnessing the final defeat of U.S. forces in Indochina. This defeat was demonstrated in the total failure of Dewey Canyon II on Highway Nine. Dewey Canyon II was personally ordered by Nixon. The withdrawal was inevitable.

But the troops have been withdrawn not to end the war, but to intensify it through large-scale use of air power. Automation has been to dehumanize the aggression so that new SonMys would be committed by high destructive power directed by laser rays and television waves and other electronic means — as if the war and genocide would be less American this way.

Nixon has been the most barbarous of all. He has perpetuated his crimes while singing songs of peace. He tricked the people of the United States in the 1968 elections, and now four years later, with a staggering record of war crimes, he is once again trying to do the same.

His 8-point "peace program" is a fraud. He doesn't end support for Thieu because Thieu is a fool for neocolonization. He doesn't accept the 7-point program of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) because he is still thinking in terms of military victory.

What could not be obtained by the presidents who preceded him during these 11 years, with 500,000 American soldiers and the power of the war industry, Nixon is trying to obtain with the help of the most advanced military technology.

The essence of the U.S. war of aggression — because with fewer U.S. soldiers it is more American than ever — remains the same. Nixon's "Vietnamization" is in keeping with the original objectives of Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson to conquer South Vietnam, smash the liberation force once and for all and neocolonize the country.

But "Vietnamization" is being defeated, as was special war and local war.

"Vietnamization" will fail in Vietnam because the aggressors clashed with a nation that had

a thousand-year tradition of struggle that has defeated two imperialist nations and will not give up the freedom and independence it has won. As General Vo Nguyen Giap said, "If you understand why the Americans haven't won yet, then you understand why we are winning. With the formal logic of the U.S. aggressor, which is not at all realistic, one would come to the conclusion that the power of the United States would have already destroyed our resistance. Why haven't they been able to attain their objectives with this power? Because the people of Vietnam also have their power and the Americans have their weaknesses."

Irish Republican Army

by Charles "Scoop" Sweeney

The British government recently received a great deal of harsh criticism in the European press for its use of "interrogation procedures" on Irish Republican Army (IRA) internees in Northern Ireland.

The "procedures" include forcing prisoners to lean against a wall supporting themselves with their arms for periods of time varying from six to 16 hours in duration. (To get an idea of the effectiveness of such techniques, try leaning against a wall, supporting your weight with your arms. After only a few minutes, the muscles of your arms begin to tire. In a matter of a few minutes more, the arms begin to ache painfully. Then imagine remaining in that posture for six or eight hours without a rest).

The British call such a technique "wall standing." They claim to have obtained more than 700 names of IRA members, arms cache locations, locations of meeting places and safe homes and other information relating to IRA operations in Northern Ireland. When you consider that the Catholics of Northern Ireland have been taught from childhood to never say anything to the British, then you get an idea of the effectiveness of the technique.

Others used against the internees in conjunction with the wall-standing include total isolation at all times, bread and water diets, subjection to intense noise for long periods of time and several days' sleep deprivation.

A majority of the British Parliament has approved the use of such interrogation measures, following a study made by the controversial Parker Tribunal. The tribunal was set up to investigate complaints lodged against the British by leaders of the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland. The group's report — which in effect gives official sanction to the use of harsh interrogation procedures — said that, "discomfort and hardship are matters which anyone suspected of crimes will suffer and this is accepted as inevitable and permissible."

All the aforementioned techniques are currently being taught to the Ulster Militia by British Army Intelligence. News of this prompted the minority in the British Parliament to issue a report condemning the interrogation procedures and objecting to their being taught to the Ulster Militia. Their report stated, "The army has never con-

Northern Ireland: The Special Powers Act

Under the Act the Authorities are empowered to:

1. Arrest without warrant.
2. Imprison without charge or trial and deny recourse to *habeas corpus* or a court of law.
3. Enter and search homes without warrant and with force at any hour of day or night.
4. Declare a curfew and prohibit meetings, assemblies (including fairs and markets) and processions.
5. Permit punishment by flogging.
6. Deny claim to a trial by jury.
7. Arrest persons it is desired to examine as witnesses, forcibly detain them and compel them to answer questions, under penalties, even if answers may incriminate them. Such a person is guilty of an offense if he refuses to be sworn in or answer a question.

8 Do any act involving interference with the rights of private property.

9. Prevent access of relatives or legal advisers to a person imprisoned without trial.

10. Prohibit the holding of an inquest after a prisoner's death.

11. Arrest a person who "by word of mouth" spreads false reports or makes false statements.

12 Prohibit the circulation of any newspaper.

13. Prohibit the possession of any film or gramophone record.

14. Arrest a person who does anything "calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation of peace or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland and not specifically provided for in the regulations."

sidered whether the procedures were legal or illegal . . . and it was not unnatural that the Royal Ulster Constabulary should assume that the army had satisfied themselves that the procedures the army was training them in were legal . . .” This report, compiled by the former labor Lord Chancellor Gardiner, concluded that such practices will “deal a severe blow to the whole world movement to improve human rights.”

On the heels of the announcement of government approval of the techniques, came the announcement of the formation of a special police reserve unit. The unit will replace the now disbanded “B Specials,” a group of citizens, mostly Protestant, which had come under fire as strong arm “bully boy” troops to be used against the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland. The newly formed police force will be supposedly non-sectarian. It seems, however, that the force will be primarily composed of members of the old “B Specials.” All recruits for the new unit have so far come from the old “B Specials” and the volunteer police reserves (also mainly made up of Protestants). The principal effect of this move has been to take what was formerly a part-time, unarmed police reserve and turn it into an armed, full-time police force.

(Sweeney is a member of the KPFT radio news staff)

Bangladesh Food Aid Disappears

Lost somewhere in Asia are more than 100,000 tons of American grain intended last year as emergency assistance to East Pakistan, now the nation of Bangladesh.

The U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) has been unable to locate approximately 110,000 metric tons of wheat sent in response to the tragedy of Bangladesh's nine-month-old war of independence.

AID and Department of Agriculture officials reveal that a call has gone out to U.S. embassies throughout Asia for some clue as to the whereabouts of the grain. So far no answer has arrived.

Other U.S. grain shipments that were intended for Bangladesh have been diverted. Some 85,000 tons of wheat and 26,250 tons of rice went to West Pakistan. Also, 3,578 tons of rice were sent to Indonesia and 21,459 tons to Saigon and have now been handed over to those governments.

Sources in AID reveal that all told, \$17.2 million of U.S. food assistance to East Pakistan has been sent to other ports, sunk or has landed in “positions unknown.”

Meanwhile, the State Department announced last month that the United States is re-programming or cancelling \$97 million worth of the aid it had committed to Bangladesh. State Department spokesman Charles Bray said that United States supplied sufficient foodstuffs to avert famine and meet Bangladesh's immediate needs.

Senator Edward Kennedy recently charged, however, that

only \$10 million of American emergency aid of all kinds had reached East Pakistan between March 25 and Dec. 17 of last year. The Senator cited evidence gathered by investigators of the Senate's Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees that only \$3 million of U.S. food shipments can be traced to have reached East Pakistan during those nine months.

Maurice Williams, Deputy Administrator of AID, had testified before Kennedy's subcommittee on Feb. 2 that the United States had delivered to East Pakistan “about \$65 million in food and essential relief.”

But Senator Kennedy charged that none of the \$10.4 million allocated by the United States for public works in Bangladesh actually was delivered and that “less than half” of the \$5.5 million announced in aid to the UN's efforts in Bangladesh has been forthcoming.

Kennedy charged that the whereabouts of the \$38.1 million for United States for 1970 cyclone aid has yet to be accounted for.

Electronic Surveillance

While electronic surveillance is an integral part of U.S. strategy in Southeast Asia it is also becoming more and more widespread within the United States. Companies engaged in the production of surveillance equipment are urging government police agencies to adopt the same measures at home.

Joseph Meyer, an employee of the Department of Defense, has proposed attaching miniature electronic tracking devices to 20 million Americans as part of a human surveillance system that would keep track of persons out on bail, parolees (mostly blacks and browns) and “suspicious” political radicals. These transponders would be linked by radio to a computer that would monitor the wearer's location and implement curfew and territorial restrictions.

The U.S. Border Patrol is now flying Air Force “Pave Eagles” (unmanned, remote-controlled drones formerly used in Laos). The planes fly over remote stretches of the border and relay signals from hundreds of sensors to an Infiltration Surveillance Center where the data is analyzed by computers.

Sensors are also being used to guard prisons, vital utilities, industrial and governmental facilities. Sylvania Electronic Systems of Mountain View, California, produced sensors for use in South East Asia and has made proposals for sensor surveillance systems here.

Many police departments are acquiring surveillance equipment such as small black radar boxes that are used in Vietnam. This box “sees” through walls. Police are also using devices that amplify light levels 40,000 times and have been used to detect night-flying Vietnamese guerillas. Military suppliers such as RCA, Raytheon and Aerojet sell police versions of these devices.



Alberty piece: “a vaguely political message”

Alberty at the CAM

by Charlotte Moser

The Contemporary Art Museum's opening show is less esthetically innovative than it is intellectually provocative. Though a highly suspect distinction to make these days in art, it is apparent that, in this show, too often the “ideas” of the pieces are more successful than the visual results. Whether an attempt to be “contemporary” or “relevant,” the majority of the artists seem to forget — or, at best, minimize — their debt to the visual.

John Alberty has accomplished the most successful union of these two disparate and yet essential aspects of human perception, although he employs motifs rather overworked by Magritte, DuChamp and even Kienholz. The scientific basis of his four environments lies in the psychology of dreams and the theory of association. Each piece contains familiar, functional objects — an old coat, a tuxedo, three umbrellas, a bicycle. Next to these three-dimensional objects are placed photographs or films of seemingly unrelated objects. The flatness of the objects in the photographs suggest the shallow intangibility of dream objects. Though apparently grouped only by chance, each element of the environment is so precisely arranged, demanding recognition, that the viewer must pause, if for only a moment, to grasp the total work and the relationships of the parts to the whole. This is when the psychology of Alberty's art starts to work, and where his visual presentation stimulates, rather than illustrates, intellectual perception.

Each piece can be “read” — from either left or right — as a progression of conceptual relationships which ultimately yield a message of some kind, slightly reminiscent of those kindergarten games where pictures are substituted for verbal ideas “spelling out” a more complex concept. The media for Alberty's puzzles are the unconscious associations which each object induces. However, in spite of whatever conceptual “message” is finally concluded, the real message of Alberty's pieces is the sensory event stimulated visually and intellectually.

The most successful piece in terms of visual and intellectual stimulation is the one at the far right in the Alberty corner. The only environment whose associations are based on opposites rather than similarities, a heavy winter coat, suggesting cold, wet weather, hangs next to four black and white photographs of cactus, suggesting hot, dry weather. It is also the only environment so directly based on physical sensation — cold-hot,

wet-dry — although, in concept, each object suggests widely separated locales. This element of distance and space is picked up by a full-length mirror placed at a 90 degree angle to the environment which visually extends the space that in concept is extended mentally. This complex interplay of visual and mental perception is understated by the simplicity and strength of the graphic design of the environment. Using only blacks and browns, the graphics of the piece are accentuated by repeated patterns and rich textures.

While this first piece is more concerned with the transference of sensation and is more within the realm of actual dreams, the remaining pieces are less subtle, giving greater importance to a literal message. The second piece is more easily read, relating a vaguely political message: stuffed birds with long black tails next to stuffy civic leaders who wear black-tailed tuxedos to affairs at public buildings on which, in turn, real black birds build nests and live. Though nicely executed with again strong black and brown graphics, this piece falls short of the complex richness of the first.

The last two pieces are disappointing. Both use color photography and lean more toward illustration than sensory perception. One illustrating the similarities between umbrellas and palm trees seem rather banal, although Alberty handles the color photographs and silver rain trough well in relation to his overall design.

The final and most monumental piece is by far the least successful visually and intellectually. Rather than depending on psychological association to create the dream-like quality, Alberty turns to film purposely over-exposed to create a dreamy haze of movement. Although potentially an exciting idea, the film of people riding bicycles is awkwardly placed in relation to the actual parked bike, suggesting more a “before and after” flavor than psychological interaction. Not only has he unsuccessfully changed media, but he has also changed the scale of his work, this piece more blatantly to be “read” than to be perceived as a whole.

Considered apart from the temporal requirements of a contemporary arts museum (what's contemporary?), Alberty's environments, although not particularly innovative, are straightforward confrontations to human perception at all levels which do not need the disdainful stamp of the avant-garde to have “relevance.”

Art And Shit

by Bennie Lauve

Shit, Ubiquitous shit, it's inescapable. In the air, on the airwaves; on the streets, above the streets; in the words you hear, in the words you speak. But it's not that dangerous, it's not that disgusting; you, the people around you, most people you meet aren't fooled, those who produce it, those who pander to it, those who play in it, those who react against it — they all concur: shit is recognized, accepted, you can live with it or without it, everyone produces and accepts their daily dose of shit. Unfortunately, not all shit is so innocuous.

Like a warehouse in Danish Modern; from another angle, the prow of a sunken, buried ship jutting up from the earth; again, in another perspective, a can of Spam with the label ripped off; the Montrose Rapist abstracted. It looks like *tin*, with all the pawky, abject connotations and allusions that that evokes. Contemporary, no doubt about it; it could be a church, a supermarket, a jail.

Which is the art? As absurd and ludicrous as that sounds, that is the first impression; past a floral arrangement, a more extravagant version of the pot plant in the dentist's office, but then a plaque on the wall announces this is "Portable Farm." Rows of plants and vegetables, soil, pebbles, artificial light, a garden, not a garden of Versailles, no form, no pattern, no arrangement, no symmetry, a garden. Art.

Wary now; on the wall, examine it closely, no plaque, yes, merely a firehose. No need to linger.

The animals, the now famous animals; cages of cheap wood and wire, cats and rats. Art.

Revolving plywood; stationary plywood; plywood on film; a topcoat on

a hanger; three umbrellas; a bicycle. Art

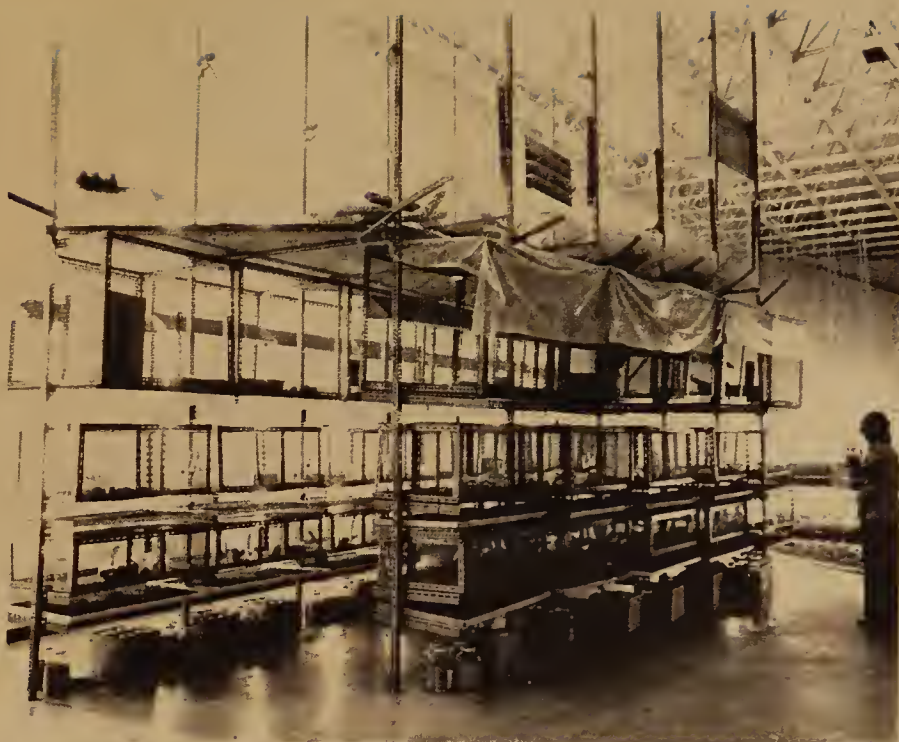
It is grotesque to attempt to describe it with a straight face. "Airey Point:" the world's longest, shortest chinning bar. "Untitled:" a full-length mirror, a coat rack with a black hat (Merriman) and a topcoat (Hickey-Freeman) and next to this four photographs of cactus. The mirror is nice; you can comb your hair in it. Art.

It is philistine to laugh at modern art; it may require a new way of looking, a different perspective, the eye must be trained, but the effort is worthwhile. The wild blazing cornfield of Van Gogh, the horror of *Guernica*, the somber power of Rothko, the individual vision that may seem bizarre at first but eventually overwhelms you — there is a fierce force behind modern art that rips away the strangeness of its surface and makes you see the way the artist sees. But if there is no way to see, no way to feel, no proper perspective . . .

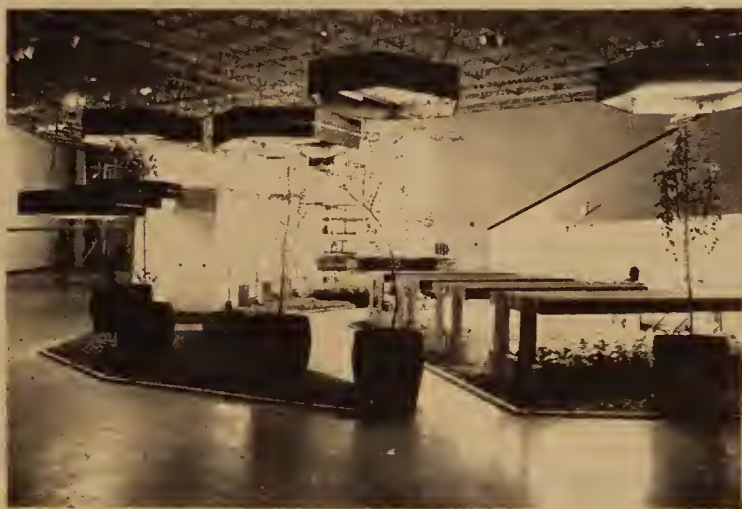
Some elementary points. Art *lasts*. The plants, the rats and cats and mice and pigeons are ephemeral; they die, they rot, they wither. A proposition: rename it the Temporary Arts Museum. The contradiction leaps out at you. Of course this suggestion leaves out the first part of the adjective in the present title. I suggest the three letters be placed in neon at the entrance of the building: "CON."

A simple test: would you like to have some of these "works of art" in your home? Take the exhibits of John Alberty and transport them into your apartment and you could not tell the "art" from the rest of the furnishings!

Art demands an esthetic reaction on the part of the viewer. Does a work of art produce a response — an invariable response — of "Hi, kitty . . .



Ellen Van Fleet. "New York City Animal Levels"



"Portable Farm"

nice kitty . . . here, kitty, kitty?" What is there to *feel* when looking at two dingy dinette chairs standing on top of a couple of dirty sportcoats with a bicycle next to them? A slab of plywood attached to a rotor on a wall is simply, ineluctably a piece of plywood attached to a rotor on a wall. You are told that it is "constantly in motion and appears to float in front of the wall." If it *did* appear to float in front of the wall you would not have to be *told* about it. And although it may be pleasant to watch a piece of plywood that actually appeared to be floating in front of a wall, by what loss of standards, by what lack of acumen would you be tempted to call it *art*?

The absolute poverty, the utter nullity, the shit at the core, is given away by the elaborate rationales offered, the torturous explanations, the necessary adoption of a vocabulary of lobotomizing inanity which accompany most of the exhibits. Take a portion of Ellen Van Fleet's description of her cats and rats in cages; "(they) . . . prey on each other in a

definite nocturnal energy cycle, but a cycle that exists only in the city, a man-made and unnatural eco-system . . ." What can this possibly mean? That night and day are nonexistent outside the city? That animals don't prey on each other outside the city? That animals don't prey at night outside the city? Nonsense! Shit!

It is philistine to laugh at modern art, but it is craven to accept the false, the decadent, the artificial, the rotten meaninglessness of the abortion on the corner of Montrose and Bissonnet. Shit is being ladled out to you, and if you go there and try to understand, try to see, try to feel, and if you wonder why you can't then you have in effect swallowed that shit, subtle, devious, cunning shit.

If you are not insulted, if you are not incensed, if you are not outraged there is something dead in you. When lifeless, spiritless, meaningless shit can be termed art and get away with it then those who accept it will be getting what they deserve.

Shit.



"Airey Point" and museum guard



The State of Art and the State

By Patrica Gruben

MOST IDEAS OF ART POKE

around the idea of changing the viewer's perspective, of inspiring a new view of the world. Politicians have their own way of interpreting this ability, so the question arises: to what use if any should the persuasive power of art be put?

Movies have been alluring vehicles for propaganda since the first two shots were spliced together. Editing imparts a definite and unavoidable point of view. Their photographic reality seems to be more convincing than other art forms — and unlike painting, music and the dance they are almost always about something. So why not about the yellow Peril or the danger of sex education in schools? Why not indeed? All movies are propaganda to the extent that they are shaped by a personal or collective point of view. And with movies, presenting the economic and organizational problems that they do, that viewpoint is more often corporate than individual. The intent may be a conscious effort to convince audiences that Nazism builds bodies, or it may be the unexamined belief that career girls are always frustrated old maids. But where the didactic urge is acknowledged by the artist — as well as the financiers and censors — here the question of creative freedom becomes stickiest.

This was the case with Sergei Eisenstein, whose film *Alexander Nevsky* was shown at Jones Hall last week. He was certainly a dedicated Bolshevik. But his aesthetic aims came into conflict with his social goals like no other film-maker that comes to mind, with the exception of Godard (who denounces him).

He made four films in the twenties, developing a Theory of Montage based on dialectical materialism. He wanted to produce works revolutionary not only in subject but in form, and Marxist interpretation on two fronts led him to envision the end of all art. Eisenstein and his friends at the Proletkult Theatre saw art as a deflection from the real world into the ideal. The art of the old world, like its classes, must be destroyed. As the perfect state evolved all desires would be satisfied and art would become superfluous. This purity of motive was not shared by Lenin or his cultural bureaucrats — they felt art was a useful tool for uplifting and educating the masses.

But Eisenstein realized that his vision, although it was highly intellectual and abstract, could only be a personal expression. He realized he could not renounce his creative powers entirely in service to the state,

could not do his best work submerged in the collective, could not discuss his films at the factories like other directors.

He was a man who didn't make friends easily. He felt only an abstract love for the masses who didn't understand his theories. His early films, especially *Potemkin*, were popular at the time; but by the thirties, when he returned from a long trip abroad, the aims of Soviet film had changed. Formal experiments and reenactments of great upturnings and overthrowings had been all right for the twenties. But now film-makers were supposed to portray a new humanism, develop individual characters, show the proletariat how to live in the new society.

This was counter to Eisenstein's personal course. He was still the unapproachable theoretician, but he had unleashed mystical and romantic passions which wouldn't settle down into the Social Realism expected from him. You can see this in *Ivan the Terrible* especially, and catch glimpses in footage from *Que Viva Mexico*, the American project he was forced to give up.

ALEXANDER NEVSKY IS INTERESTING

as a piece made under strict control of the government, but also with its complete cooperation. However Eisenstein might go astray, his genius was recognized, and he was given this opportunity to redeem his misguided proposals and unfinished projects. He set to work with the aid of three "advisors" who were to keep his mind on the task at hand, a patriotic epic which anticipated war with Germany. The hero was a 13th century prince who defended Novgorod from the Teutonic Knights.

Eisenstein was told to go heavy on the hero-worship and soft-pedal the montage and flights of fancy. He was given crowds of extras equal to the two original armies. He had Nikolai Cherkassov, a star with a big box-office, and Sergei Prokofiev to compose the score. He got 30,000 square feet of artificial ice, custom-built power stations and wind machines for the big Battle on the Ice sequence. He had love interest and even a couple of kind jokes to spice up the material. Hollywood, eh? And because he was Sergei Eisenstein and not Cecil B. DeMille he was also able to experiment with sound and develop his montage theory into a new dimension. Within the

limits imposed on him by outsiders and his own sense of duty he made a film that is visually and musically beautiful and has a unity that most of his other work lacks. Of course, it's not the movie he might have made with complete freedom. But who was going to offer him that? Not Hollywood, that's for sure.

Hollywood in 1930 was sucking up European actors and directors in its eternal quest for exoticism, and that Eisenstein had an enormous reputation (no matter what for) made him alluring. He had a leave of absence and was delighted to come to study sound and perhaps make a picture for Paramount. But nothing came of it, as much from esthetic differences as political.

HE FINALLY GOT BACKING FROM

Upton Sinclair, who called himself a socialist, although the proposed film, *Que Viva Mexico* was not supposed to be political. He was closely watched not only by Sinclair but by the Mexican government. Yet he managed to persuade Mexican officials to be photographed in heroic postures which he intended to intercut with skeletons by his commie tricks of montage. At the same time he was attacked by right-wingers who guessed they knew what that Anarchist and Red Dog was up to down there.

There was no way for Eisenstein to remain apolitical had he wanted to — he was either a commie queer or a reactionary elitist, sometimes both at once. Sinclair, in moral outrage at the independence Eisenstein assumed and some erotic drawings he sent through Customs for a joke, seized the film and gave it to others to edit. Most governments and ideologues, it seems have their own interests to protect.

So where is an iconoclast like Eisenstein to practice his craft, which he considers political theory but not political expedience? We are back to the question of whether art can have political aims at all. Art has, first of all, its own revolution to serve. Whether this corresponds with social revolution in theory or not, it never seems to find a champion in established governments. Pure Marxist theory would dictate, as Eisenstein maintained in 1924, that art wither away with the state: but the state is still with us. Whether that is the cause of the collective and individual misery that makes us dream may be debated. But still, one continues to dream.

Platter Chatter

By now, you may know that Don Sanders' album is out. Don did the production himself and has kept his promise to us; he has made an album which will cost you \$2, (plus a dime for Preston). It is an excellent showcase of Don's talent and wisdom which I will go into next week when my coffee boils. You can obtain this record by dropping by 1820 Barnard on Sunday afternoons or the Old Quarter, Austin & Congress streets, on Thursday nights. Or you can send in \$2.50 to Don by mail at 1820 Barnard, 77006, and he will make arrangements with the government to have it delivered to your door.

It looks like another month until Mick and the boys' new double album comes out. Followed by the long awaited tour in June or July.

Osibisa comes to Liberty Hall April 16 and 17, Sunday and Monday.

ZZ Top has a new album, *Rio Grande Mud*, which is merely the finest rock to work its way to my ears since, oh, the Velvet Undergrounds' fourth. Keep your plugs cleaned.

Rio Grande Mud *** ZZ Top *** London *** 40 m 16s

Can't type cause my fingers keep dancing to this. You're gonna say I'm prejudiced being from Houston and all, but the truth of the nut is that I barely even know these guys. So when I tell you that their music makes Cream seem like the band at a 1957 sock hop, maybe you'll realize that there is some objectivity to my evaluation. Growing up in Houston can be a real bummer; if, however, you are into blues, it's like a walking, talking museum. Juke Boy Bonner, Albert Collins, Lightning Hopkins, Bobby Bland, Junior Parker, Hop Wilson, Ivory Lee Semien and many lesser known but equally talented musicians hand out here. It's plain to see that Billy Gibbons, Dusty Hill and Frank Beard learned from these masters.

Then stick in the 15 or so years each has spent listening to, slowly learning and finally mastering the essentials of rock. Mix in a producer who knows the ropes and the individual contributions each of the trio add with their own instrumental work.

Rio Grande Mud, boys and girls, is what rock is all about. Instead of buying a \$5 book or reading 10 articles in Rolling Stone, why don't you just listen? It's all here: precise, clear and restrained lead guitar playing slash cross-chords in front of pounding, perfectly-laid bass lines and crisp staccato drumming. Musically some of this resembles the first Ten Years After album way back when Alvin Lee knew how to play. Guitar, not superstar. ZZ Top has much more variety than that, however.

They put in five frantic nights at the Whiskey late last month and wound up being billed above the headline act. They say that those who count in LA were all there to hear ZZ Top. My only complaint with the album is that it shows how much we are missing out when a local group can burn like this yet be so hard to catch right here in town. 98½ (highest grade given in seven months.)

Recall the Beginning, a Journey from Eden *** Steve Miller Band *** Capitol *** 35m 15s

Seventh trip around for Dallas' most rockin' expatriate. I've really craved some of his stuff (*Brave New World*), have been less impressed by other examples (*Number 5*) but have never heard a Steve Miller album I didn't like. *Recall* is no exception, with a brief intro which musically reminds you of his past, then slips into "Enter Maurice," a good-timey fifty-ish ditty with "Oooh mama ooh's," and "Bom bom bom do wah



dit dit's" and like embellishments. Also containing the only use of the word epimetology in all recorded music.

Steve has a completely new musical lineup with him, bringing along no one involved in his last project, *Rocklove*. Gerald Johnson provides a slighery bass, there are four drummers listed, string and horn arrangements and two keyboard men, including producer Ben Sidran, a black jazz musician of some note and author of the book *Black Talk*. Strangely this disc has four men involved in the artwork and photography yet the result would not stir pride in one half a man's breast. Yes, it's arty and all but pics of Steve Miller are rarer than blushes from John Lennon.

"Fandango" is the *tour-de-force* here as Miller proves he can truck right along regardless of style, producer or personnel. A trifle irregular but so is like. 91

Machine Head *** Deep Purple *** Warner-Reprise *** 37m 25s

The album title seems to have been gouged out of steel — an affecting bit of graphics for this English bunch whose forte is avalanches of sound. Their brand of rock is hard/amphetamine high, slashing, harsh axe solos welded to berserk, haywire organ crescendoes by forceful percussion. Ideally, the whole effort generates a frenetic momentum transporting musicians, audience and all within earshot to electrical nirvana. They are an ultimate body band and one of the prospectors still searching for the gold Grand Funk found.

Being of an earlier age, I prefer the earlier work on *Book of Talliesyn* and *Deep Purple no.3* although *Machine Head* is more commercial and the *Head* is more commercial and the group more proficient. Gut hard rock to offset all these folkies, bluesers and Jesus-rockers. Hook lines bulge out of this sharp enough to hang your hat on. And for the road, I could imagine few groups finer to have on the ol' 8-track to keep your eyes open and your truck truckin'. No one goes to sleep to Deep Purple and the bass work alone is worth 5 mph to your top end. 89

Something/Anything? *** Todd Rundgren *** Bearsville (Distrib by Warner) 89m 21s

I keep hearing about Todd, a Philly whiz kid who was famous as leader of Naz, then went whole hog into the recording business, — producing, arranging, writing, and playing all the instruments. He produced the Band's third disc and has had his own previous solo double album, *Runt*, which achieved minor underground hit status.

Damn, I wish I could say this is a great smash and all, for several friends love Todd and the album deeply. But alas, it just doesn't turn me on. There is no doubt that he is a far-out musical genius: who else can you name who plays all the instruments, produces, writes, arranges, and even creates the album concept and pens the liner notes?

The enclosed notes give all the words, a mistake because few rock

songs deserve this treatment. Todd's are no exception — they are banal lyrics filled with "I's," "me" and "mine". He tries very, very hard to hit on something yet in the end all we have is 89+ minutes of snippets, asides, cute remarks, in-jokes, a pastiche of photos and a lot of songs, not one of which stuck.

Todd should perhaps just sing and produce. He has a soft and romantic voice and most certainly knows his way around a control room. Please, no more double albums. Or solo albums. Just do one with other people. 75

Historical Figures & Ancient Heads *** Canned Heat *** United Artists *** 36m 26s

We've had two years to get ready for the new Canned Heat record. Here it is, but it wouldn't keep you very warm on a cold day. Joel Scott Hill has replaced Al Wilson and they have filled up by bringing in a whole slew of guests. Little Richard. Charles Lloyd. Harvey Mandel. Each for one cut in their own particular style. Sadly though, with Al gone, the heat flickers. There is no continuity and little boogieing. I'll be listening to this less than any of their earlier discs. Pick up on this earlier stuff though, the blues only mellow with age. 66

Merrimack County *** Tom Rush *** Columbia *** 33m even

I see myself in different ways today

on the outside looking in And finding myself wanting nothing

But to be with you again

Nine years of recording experience have established Tom as one of the classiest singer-pickers around. *Take a Little Walk with Me*, though six years old, is a fantastic romp through rock's classics by an artist who had previously performed without electricity. I was familiar with his work so was even more knocked out by his opener, "Kids These Days," a loose, smooth-

Tom and Trevor Veitch handle the guitars with Jimmy Rolleston fingering a sensual, throbbing bass about this far from breathing, Bill Stevenson at piano and Gary Mallaber drums. They can sock you with rhythm or lay back with the glistening dewdrop backing Tom needs for his more tender ballads. Rush can make you smile, frown, dance or cry in a way uniquely his own. He's just so friendly, a nice looking New Hampshire boy who stopped by with a bag of songs before drifting off to go the lonely way of the troubador. Until ZZ Top, Merrimack County is the best record I've heard this year. 96

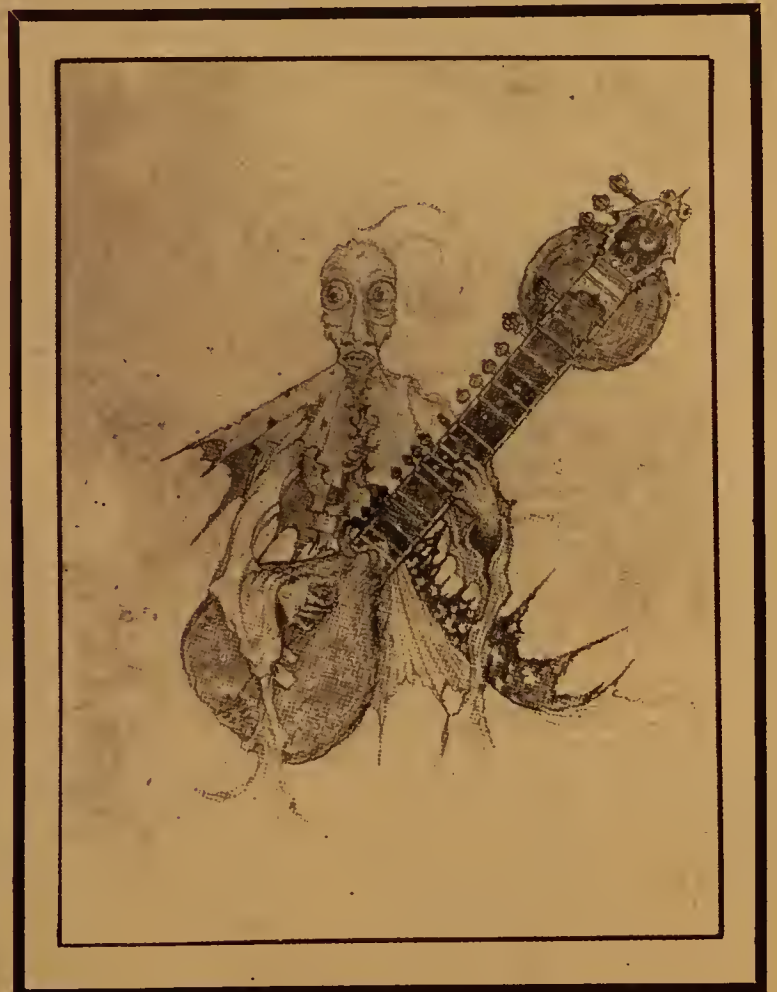
No Answer *** Electric Light Orchestra *** United Artists *** 41m 16s

Electric Light Orchestra was previously known as the Move, a group Lillian Roxon says "specialized in rock and wreck," and had been known to destroy old TV sets, pianos, cars and effigies of Harold Wilson, the former prime minister. Alas, only Roy Wood and Bev Bevan remain from those fabled days in which the Move gained fair success in England while remaining an "underground" group over here.

Jeff Lynne, Bill Hunt and Steve Woolam round out the new outfit which is constituted by a violin, French horn, drums, piano or electric guitar and the versatile Wood who cavorts with cello, oboe, acoustic guitar, bass, bassoon, clarinet, recorder and slide guitar. The result is strange, moody, mostly instrumental numbers in the fashion of Sgt Pepper and those days. Richer though and much more subtle; I think *No Answer* will appeal to the classically inclined as well as the rockers. 90

Cat Mother *** Polydor *** Distrib by United Artists *** 35m 02s

About five long hard years ago Charlie Prichard was guitarist for the Conqueroo, a now legendary Austin band who at the time was a favorite even over the 13th Floor Elevators



groovin' paeon for days of yore done up in a Steve Miller/Gangster growl right up all over the mike so that it seems Tom just walked in the door to say:

*There'll be better times but I'm getting by with these
There'll be better times but I'm getting by with these
I'd have more fun but the women are so hard to please.*

and Shiva's. I was but a mullet at the time, freakin' like all of us, a minor Austin crazy who went to hear them often in awestruck condition. I would sit motionless alone absorbing their 1½ hour sets of fantastic, original music the likes of which I've never heard since.

Later that year I discovered the gout eating my ankles which led to

my 1-Y rating from Uncle Sammy. I was fixin' to leave town to go in the hospital for tests and wouldn't you know — my last night in town and the ankles swelled to twice their size, throbbing and aching; it was like having a migraine in both feet. It really hurt, didn't matter if I laid still or moved them, my feet exploded in pain just the same. In this condition I stumbled to the nearest all night store in search of succor — and there was Charlie — "fat Charlie," as he was known then. And I kinda knew him, you know to nod to and smile at. But this night I didn't want to bring him down by having him see me in my condition so I tried to dodge him, hobbling through the aisles, my face a mask of agony. I thought I had succeeded until I was outside and Charlie suddenly popped up in front of me, said, "hello John," and smiled a smile which told me he understood. He asked if there was anything he could do. I could only shake my head to keep the tears of pain and joy from flowing.

Charlie plays lead for Cat Mother now, his music is more laid back, subordinated somewhat to the excellent keyboards of Bob Smith, but he's still magic. Such a flagrantly talented dude out so far that he was the basis of the famous Fat Freddie in the Freak Brothers strip. He and his fellow cats romp through their own good-time music which should kick shit out of your blues. And isn't that what it's all about?

Thank you Charlie, for five years ago, when you never knew what you did for me and for know, for this record which makes me happy. We need a whole lot more Charlie Prichards and a whole lot less politicians. 93

*D&B Together *** Delaney and Bonnie *** Columbia *** 36m 35s*

For some mysterious reason Delaney and Bonnie have never received the critical response merited in their previous work. Their earlier albums have not been great successes although they have featured people like Leon Russell, Eric Clapton, Jim Gordon, Duane Allman, Merry Clayton and many, many more. All the rest of you critics who don't like them can put your headphones back on and return to Grand Funk or the heaviest of dirgibles; Delaney & Bonnie are a cold glass of freshly squeezed orange juice on a hot Texas morning.

"Move em Out," and "Only you Know and I Know," were smash singles and are both included along with 10 more of their unique excursions into gospel flavored, r & b tingled rock. That may sound complicated but the Bramletts aren't. Any old or young fool can dig on this. Even rock critics. D&B are the closest we white folks got to Ike & Tina so get behind them now. Put it on before you leave the house. 92

*Jack Bonus *** Grunt (Distrib by RCA) *** 42m 05s*

Cover of the year so far; a rococo cafe complete with a sleazy waitress and Jack looking like a bedrock crazy in baseball hat slightly askew, flowered print shirt and jeans. Flip it over and feast on the sight much as Jack himself is feasting. Ahem.

Jack blows mean sax and flute and sounds a deep, deep voice reminiscent of a trained bullfrog crossed with Tim Buckley. He also produced and arranged this collection in offbeat jazz-rock style — a not entirely successful endeavor although a mixture coming to a boil particularly in "Pecan Pie (Extract)," a fine rose jam.

"Cold Chicago Wind," a stylish blues showcases his unusual voice and is another highlight from this zany chap who has previously toiled for Earth Opera. Grunt records has come out with the Airplane, Papa John, Hot Tuna and now Jack Bonus. Not a dud in the bunch and Jack's no exception. Don't expect the Airplane or famous friends on this — it's just Jack's ideas of music and his friends. 86

— John M. Lomax

Sly Stoned Us All

by John M. Lomax

Sly and his family of Stones turned a packed Hofheinz Pavillion last Saturday into a boogieing crowd... a dancing writhing mass on their feet for three-fourths of the concert.

There were no riots going on but things were in a state of hysteria from 10:45 when Sly finally came on to his midnight finale and even one encore. The crowd was more young and black than hippie, and it exhibited some really flashy mod attire as well as some booing, as the hour wore on before the Stone showed up.

Ruth Copeland was the opening act, herself thoughtfully coming on 45 minutes late. She fronted up an inept quartet distinguished only by adept basswork. Ruth used to dress in buckskin like an Indian princess, and her first album featured her navel — supposed the world's most beautiful. Tonight though she was in a light purple vinyl silver studded fake snake-skin pantsuit. Sound yummy? Ruth's piercing vocals, the screeching guitar, an organ solo that passed beyond hearing range three times, and her Cocker hand gestures were all fetching touches as well.

Everyone fell out and then — oh, no, not the dreaded drum solo — yes, here it was, 10 minutes of Cozy Cole, Sandy Nelson and Ginger Baker practice made tolerable only by the thought that maybe Ruth was making a costume change to bare that fabled epidermis. But no, she came on back in her ersatz boa for a version of "Play with Fire," and then the closer — a truly insipid attempt at "Gimme Shelter," (which gave me none).

Sly's group consists of drums, electric piano, guitar, bass, three horns and Sly, who played a mighty "bad" black guitar in Bo Diddley gunslinger fashion for the first two numbers. He then switched to organ for the rest of the night. He even blew a little harp later on, to the delight of all.

Clad in a knit bright prim white jumpsuit held together with a diamond belt and sporting his monumental Afro, Sly was bizarre enough looking even for the most jaded. He is vampirishly thin, a tight face stretched on angular bones but moves with a quick grace replete with slick facial contortions and a Hendrix line of patter:

Gwan and be whatever you're gonna be when you leave.
Have a good time but don't be wild,

And the music. Well, I put in some listening to his latest album and was unimpressed. Now I know why. The record is like taking off in a Piper Cub, but in person Sly accelerates like a rocket, agonizingly slow at first, but building into an awesome vanishing pillar of flame. The style is an amalgam of soul, rock, jazz and blues, a series of throbbing improvisations from the basic riffs found in "Thank you for Letting me be Myself," "Stand" and "I Want to Take you Higher." It takes awhile to work, but it got into the marrow of most at Hofheinz.

Right away they get to wailing, with no intro, just a brief tune and before you know it, you realize Sly may be nuts but he ain't no fool — this band pounds out a solid backbone for him with a rhythm section to rival the famous Watts-Wyman-Richard lineup.



That slithery bass crawled over my spine all night, piloted by one of the varied seven sidemen Sly has picked. Quick now, name another band that is composed of both blacks and whites and males and females. Take all the time you need. They are very loose on stage, obviously digging what they're in to — a little scary looking maybe, but all highly skilled.

U of H prepared for the event well, with tons of boys in blue out front, loads of Program Council ushers inside and a real clever chemical irritant in the air of the men's room. I suppose this was to prevent anyone from hitting a "j" in the john; highly effective too. Anyone going in there came out with red watery eyes. I wonder if there was saltpeter or thorazine in the cokes?

I had been put off some by Sly's track record of tardiness, erratic behavior and broken dates. His last record didn't turn me on. But live, oh boy, he turned my head around and my ears inside out. Maybe he did come on late, but they played 75

solid, virtually non-stop, minutes on the fringes of pandemonium.

The key to understanding Sly's new style is to dig into the sound in pieces rather than as a whole. Focus on the sheared, electric barbs of the guitar or the horn fragments, feast your eyes on Sly himself or just listen to the bass murk all over you — the overall effect inspires a kind of nervous energy.

And the lighting. For about one half the concert the stage was bathed in a neon/blacklight blue glow — kind of like in Woodstock — so that after you stared at the scene a while your depth perception was completely blown. Add to that the whole 3,000-seat floor covered with people either dancing madly or standing on chairs or both. And up on stage wuz a bunch of blue maniacs playing that music like demons. It just got to be too much.

Don't judge Sly til you hear him live.

Clean McLean

by Scout Schacht

Don McLean came to the Music Hall last Sunday night with his banjo and guitar, some old folk songs and some original ones not so famous as "American Pie."

Hearing that song on the radio and hearing it live is the difference between frozen and fresh baked. McLean is a smiling youth who reminds me of Donovan and Arlo Guthrie. The opening number was "Castles in the Air," an expression to get to know the country, from his new album entitled *Tapestry* that someone told me was recorded before Amp. Many of his songs are beautiful subtle protests that tell us to look what we are doing to the earth and each other. "Three Flights Up" is a ballad that stresses lack of communication, although we have all the modern means.

He picked up his banjo and played "Old Joe Clark" and woke everybody up on the second row. The audience was very receptive to Don and he got us to sing "What the Lord Has Done For Me." "Tapestry" the title song was next, and it's one of the best songs/poems I've heard lately:

*Like a river of life flowing on since creation
Approaching the sea with each new generation*

*You're now just a stagnant and rancid disgrace
That is rapidly drowning the whole human race
Every fish that swims silent every bird that flies freely
Every doe that steps softly every crisp leaf that falls
All the flowers that grow on this colorful tapestry
Somehow they know that if man is allowed to destroy all we need
He will soon have to pay with his life for his greed*

Danny says that Don McLean reminds him of a young more morose Pete Seeger. Pete Seeger says that "Don is a normal, talented, unpretentious, nervous, relaxed musician trying to use his songs to help people survive in these perilous times. I got to know him best as a volunteer crewman aboard the Sloop Clearwater in 1969. Hauling on ropes by day, singing every evening at a different post and every morning up early to scrub decks and raise the sail."

Don ended up his set with "T for Texas." He really yodels! A song about the Texas rivers, and "American Pie," sing-a-long. Took an encore singing "Worried Man Blues," and said he'd be back, he seemed to like us as much as we liked him. Catch his set sometime.

Cinema

Borsalino. The French pay homage in parody to our thirties gangster films. This one, with Belmondo and Alain Delon, is more exciting and certainly funnier than the real thing. Houston premiere. Through April 19 at the Park Film Festival, 522-5632. Subtitles. Student discounts.

Brewster McCloud. Find out what happens to a script rewritten to "cut down on fantasy" in the story of a boy who flies — it becomes heavier than air, naturally. But if you've never seen the *Astrodome*... 7 and 10 pm, April 19 8 pm, April 20. Oberholtzer Ballroom, UH. Admission, 75 cents. R.

The Brig. An underground classic by Jonas Mekas — a stark clash between documentary and theater in this nightmare of military sadism. Well worth the claustrophobia. 7:30 pm, April 20. Anderson Hall, U of St. Thomas. Free.

Cabaret. A great movie. Intelligent and careful on the outside, the film nurtures a raw, nerve-racking core — in the person of Liza Minnelli. Dynamite. Windsor, 622-2650. Reserved seats. PG.

The Caretaker. "A fascinating, funny, eerie film, a work of murky evocations boiling out of grubby naturalistic minutiae," says Stanley Kaufmann. From Harold Pinter's play about three men caught in the absurdity of their life-game. With Alan Bates and Donald Pleasance, 8 pm, April 21. Library Auditorium, UH, Free.

A Clockwork Orange. "No reviewer has ever illuminated any aspect of my work for me," — Stanley Kubrick (who has taken his marbles and gone to play somewhere else.) Galleria Cinema, 626-4011. X.

Concert for Bangladesh. This is it, kiddies — the film of the benefit. (It's not clear yet whether the film's profits go to charity also.) Opens April 21 at the River Oaks.

Dealing. Paul Williams is a fine director, but Michael Crichton (and his brother) do this project in, with a screenplay that just isn't there. River Oaks. 524-2175. R.

Diamonds Are Forever. The thrill is gone. Shamrock Four, 666-1546, Park II, 522-5632 and everywhere else. GP.

The Earrings of Madame De... The incongruous tragedy of real love in the life of a thoughtless society woman. Beautiful, full of movement. By Max Ophuls, with Danielle Derrieux and Charles Boyer. Pauline Kael will speak afterward. 8 pm, April 16, Rice Media Center. Free.

Flash Gordon. Continuing chapters of the original serial, featuring the ever-popular Larry "Buster" Crabbe. Co-features at the Park III Film Festival, 522-5632.

The French Connection. A hateful fast-ass thriller that just won a bunch of Oscars. It's also made a ton of money, and the two are not unrelated. Well-done, no doubt about it, but some jobs should not be done at all. Park III, Shamrock Four, and all over. R.

Space In

The Godfather. Are movies coming back? This one is everything you've heard and more; intelligent and unpatronizing, it still has the raw energy that only Hollywood seems able to capture. Brando is magnificent; Al Pacino even better. At the four Cinemas playing under riot conditions. Go to a matinee at Northline or Gulfgate, or wait a few weeks. R.

The Hot Rock. Luke-warm, despite some hectic character-playing by George Segal, Ron Liebman and Paul Sand. Alabama, 522-5176. PG.

Klute. Jane Fonda at her best in a catchy thriller. Better see it this time, it's made the rounds. Opens April at the Park II Film Festival, 522-5632. Student discounts.

The Last Picture Show. Peter Bogdanovich directs an impeccable cast. How the N.Y. Film Critics Award slipped past this film is one for the Delphic oracle. Delman, 529-1257. R.

MacBeth. Roman Polanski exorcises the Tate murder in another blood-thirsty spree. Opens soon at the Bellaire, 664-0182.

The Maltese Falcon. Humphrey Bogart as Sam Spade, and an on-target supporting cast including Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor. And, doubling your pleasure, the great Pauline Kael will speak after the screening. 8 pm, April 14. Rice Media Center. Free.

McCabe and Mrs. Miller. A double feature with Klute — both are worth seeing a second time. Opening April 12 at the Park II Film Festival, 522-5632. Student discounts.

Medea. With Maria Callas. Opens Saturday at the Kaplan Theater, 729-3200.

A New Leaf. A genuinely charming movie that never quite works. But some of it is priceless, however amorphous the total experience. Elaine May directs and stars, with Walter Matthau. Nobody saw this movie the first time out, so this time you have to hit the drive-ins.

One is a Lonely Number. With Trish van Devere, Monte Markham. Opens April 12 at the Memorial, 465-5258. PG.

Pound. Robert Downey takes his college humor to the animal shelter for an other Allegorical Spoof of American Life. 7:30 and 10 pm, April 18. Arnold Hall Auditorium, UH. Admission 50 cents. X.

Symphonie Pastorale. A thoughtful tragedy by Jean Dellannoy from the Gide novel about a pastor whose love for a blind girl moves from paternal to carnal. 7:30 pm April 17. University Center, UH, Free.

The Ten Commandments. Get your moral obligations and your rocks off at the same time, courtesy C.B. DeMille. Opens April 12 around town. G.

The Trojan Women. With Katherine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Pappas, Genevieve Bujold. Despite the recognizable cast, this is a strange and difficult film. Murky, but worth seeing. Opens April 19 at the Bellaire, 664-0182.

Umberto D. Vittorio De Sica's Noerealist masterpiece about a stubborn old gentleman isolated in a modern city. Pauline Kael will speak afterward. 8 pm, Rice Media Center. Free.

What's Up Doc? Babs Streisand as Katherine Hepburn; Ryan O'Neal as Cary Grant. Unless that strikes you as perfect casting, stay away. An unfortunate failure for Peter Bogdanovich. Town and Country Six, 467-2476. They have jacked up the prices, except for the \$1.50 price between 5 and 6 pm. G.

X Y and Zee. Elizabeth Taylor stomps up to the camera and brays — and somehow this picture is a lot better than it has any right to be. Michael Caine and Susannah York are more reserved, and get lost in the shuffle. Around town.

Theater

The Alchemist. The Rice Players take on Ben Johnson's comedy. With Rod Rich, Becky Bonar, Donald Bayne. 8pm nightly, thru April 15. Hamman Hall, Rice University.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Katherine Cornell will turn over in her grave, if she's dead. Word has it that the actress playing the future Mrs. Browning is quite good. 8:30pm, Fri-Sun. Final performance 8:30pm, April 23. Country Playhouse, 467-4497.

Cinderella. Children's production. 2pm, Saturdays and Sundays thru May 14. Fondren Street Theatre, 783-9930.

Jack and the Beanstalk. A musical production from Studio 7. 2pm, Saturdays thru May 20. Houston Music Theatre, 771-3851.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Highly acclaimed production of Dale Wasserman's adaptation of the Kesey novel. Directed by C. C. Courtney, 8pm, Tue-Sat, thru April 22. Liberty Hall, 225-6250. For an opposing view, see review, page

Richard III. "The only X-rated Shakespeare in town" — so help me — reads the publicity. Sidney Berger directs. UH Drama Department production. April 26-29. Cullen Hall.

Salvation. A dynamite production of the off-Broadway rock opera. 8pm, Thurs-Sat; 7pm, Sundays. Fondren Street Theatre, 783-9930.

Taming of the Shrew. With Woody Eney and Lillian Evans; directed by Robert Leonard. Begins regular run on April 14 — unless you want to go sip champagne the night before. Thereafter, 8:30pm, Tues-Fri; 5 and 9pm, Saturdays; 2:30 and 7:30pm, Sundays. The Alley Theatre, 228-8421.

Music

Emerson Lake and Palmer. UH Program Council, KLOL and 12th Street Productions presentation. 8pm, April 23. Hofheinz Pavilion. Tickets at Sunshine Co. and around.

Houston Civic Music Association. Erick Friedman, violinist. Albert Hirsch, accompanist. In a performance of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, Bach's Chaconne for violin, Robert Ward's first violin-piano Sonata, and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." 8:15 pm, April 14. Music Hall. Subscription series.

Houston Grand Opera. 615 Louisiana. 227-5277. Tannhauser. With Ticho Parly, Klara Barlow, Wolfgang Annheiser, Malcolm Smith, Perry Price. Walter Herbert conducts; Charles Rosekrans directs the chorus. 8pm, April 14 and 2:30pm, April 16. Jones Hall.

Houston Symphony. 615 Louisiana. 224-4240. Andre Kostelanetz. One would think that after "Goodbye, Columbus" he would just have died. No such luck. A Chronicle Concert. April 15. Roberta Peters, soprano; Piero Bellugi conducting. April 23-25. Jones Hall.

Jesus Christ Superstar. If this thing keeps coming back, the second coming is not going to draw anywhere near the projected crowds. 7:30 and 10pm, April 21. Music Hall. Phone 223-4822 for reservations.

Elton John. Foley's refers to the series of which this concert is a part as "Choice Quality Stuff." Maybe they know of what they speak. 8pm, April 28. Hofheinz Pavilion.

Pasadena Chamber Music Society. Leonard Shure, pianist, performing Beethoven's Variations Opus 34, and Sonata in E-major, Opus 109, Chopin's Ballade in G-minor and Ballade in F-minor, Schumann's Fantasy in C-major. 8:15pm, April 14. Slocumb Auditorium, San Jacinto Junior College. Phone Ticket information: 481-3184 or 944-9421.

Kenny Rogers and the First Edition. In concert with the full Houston Symphony Orchestra. 8:30pm, April 27. Jones Hall. Tickets at Foley's.

University of Houston School of Music Choral Concert. The mixed chorus and University Singers. In a performance of Bach's motet, "Jesu Meine Freude," Schubert's Mass in G-major, selected spirituals. 8:30pm, April 14. Cullen Auditorium. Free.

Classical Indian Music with Raj Naik on Sitar and Sambhu Basu on Tabla. Sunday, Apr 23 at 8:00 pm at Espiritu Hall, Calumet and San Jacinto. Tickets sell for only \$1. For more information, call 528-3301.

Paintings and Plastics

Contemporary Arts Museum. "Exhibition 10." Opening show features works of ten avant garde artists. Like it or not you must see it to believe it! (See inside stories on artist John Alberty and on the exhibit as a piece of shit.)

Museum of Fine Arts. 1001 Bissonnet, 526-3129. SALUTE TO THE CAM: Contemporary art from the Museum's permanent collection. Cullinan Hall. NATURE AND FOCUS: American Painting in the 19th Century. Master-son Gallery.

RICE UNIVERSITY. 6100 S. Main, 528-4141. WORKS FROM THE MENIL FOUNDATION and family, including paintings, sculpture, and objets d'art. Thru April 15. Photographs by Garry Winogrand. Institute for the Arts, University at Stockton, ext. 246.

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PRINT AND DRAWING SHOW. Se-
well Hall Gallery. Prints and drawings
by Corbin Bennett, Dixon Bennett,
James Boynton, Philip Renteria, Rob-
ert Yucikas. Small works by John
Atlas. Through April 21.

GALLERIES

ADEPT GALLERY. Luther G.
Walker in a one-man show of paint-
ings, poetry, and prose. 6-9 pm week-
days. 1-5 pm Sundays. 1317 Binz.

**ARTISTS OUTLET COMMUNITY
CENTER.** Local black artists on the
black lifestyle. Most media. 9-5 pm,
Mon-Sat. 2603 Blodgett.

CONTRACT GRAPHICS. Paint-
ings and drawings with bright colors
and geometric shapes by artist Robin
Bruch. 5116 Morningside, 524-1596.

DAVID GALLERY. Works by
Univ. of St. Thomas professor, Earl
Staley. One of Staley's oils from this
show was purchased by Houston's
own Museum of Fine Arts for their
permanent collection! 2743 San Fe-
lice, 524-0977.

FRAME FORM. Michael Hannan
prints, odds and ends. Also inexpen-
sive framing services by local artists.
1405 Waugh Dr.

GALLERY OF ORIGINAL ARTS.
Abstracts by Gilbert, miniatures by J.
Stewart Nagler. Farmer's Market,
Town and Country Village, 467-6577.

THE GOOD EARTH GALLERY.
A new gallery concept featuring Hous-
ton artists. Mixed media and prices.
Hours are 11 am - 3 pm and 7 - 10 pm
daily. 508 Louisiana.

HOOKS-EPSTEIN GALLERY.
Contemporary graphics by various
artists. 1200 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

HOUSTON BAPTIST COLLEGE.
Paintings by Joe Polley Paine, M.D.
Anderson Student Center, 7502 Fon-
dren, 774-7661.

HOUSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.
"Southwest Indian Painting," an ex-
hibition of Indian watercolors on loan
from the Museum of Fine Arts. On
display during Library hours. 500
McKinney Ave.

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER.
Selections from the 8th Jury
Award competition. In the center's
gallery. 5601 S. Braeswood. 729-3200.

KIKO GALLERIES. Oils by ar-
tist Rene Bro. Portfolios from Edition
Ur a/Europe. 10am - 5 pm Mon-Sat.
419 Lovett, 522-3722.

LATENT IMAGE. Old and new
photographs of Houston. A feast for
the eye. 1122 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

ALFRED LEE GALLERY. Trad-
itional sculptures by Ann Armstrong
and contemporary graphics by many
international artists. 3404 Roseland,
522-2519.

LONG AND COMPANY. West
and Wilderness exhibition covers the
period in American Art from 1865
to the present. 2323 San Felipe,
523-6671.

LOWELL COLLINS GALLERY.
Sculptures and etchings by Rose Van-
ken Hickey. Watercolors by Odette
Ruben. 2903 Saint, 622-6962.

Dance

Houston Jazz Ballet. 8pm, April
21-23. Houston Music Theatre.
Tickets at all Foley's.

Society for the Performing Arts
615 Louisiana. 227-1111.
Ballet Folklorico of Mexico.
Carmen Miranda and her troupe of
happy peasants. 8:30pm, April 15;
2:30pm, April 16. Music Hall.

Ins & Outs

Debby Leonard will be the guest at
a grand shish kabob grill and party,
Saturday, April 15 at 6:30 pm at the
home of Jim Tierney, 7218 Leader
Street. The evening, sponsored by the
Houston Socialist Workers Campaign
Committee, will celebrate the launch-
ing of a petitioning campaign to get
45,000 signatures to place the SWP
on the ballot in Texas.

King Memorial Day. The Black
Student Union at Rice is sponsoring
a Martin Luther King Memorial Day
on campus, Sat, April 15. Activities
include a black art exhibit in the
lobby of the Rice Memorial Center,
a speech by Horece Williams of the
Southern Christian Leadership Con-
ference at 2 pm, a panel discussion on
the black community in Houston at
4 pm, and a concert by Black Blood,
a 10 instrument soul and jazz group
from Baton Rouge, all in the Grand
Hall of the RMC.

China Conference. There will be
a three day conference on "China and
the World Community" at the U.
of Houston, April 24-26. Presented
by the UH World Council, the events
will take place in the UHUC and
are free to the public. Speakers in-
clude black journalist William
Worthy, NBC newsman Herbert
Kaplow, Dr. C. K. Yang and former
LBJ advisor Walt W. Rostow. For
specifics, call 748-6600, ex 1352.

Speakers at Rice. Pauline Kael
and Kingman Brewster, Jr. will
speak at Rice as part of the Presi-
dent's Lecture Series. Prominent
film critic Kael will show and dis-
cuss three films: "The Maltese
Falcon," (April 14), "Umberto
D," (April 15) and "The Earrings
of Madame de..." (April 16) at the
Rice Media Center, 8 pm each night.
Brewster, the president of Yale
University, will speak in the RMC
Grand Hall April 20 at 4 pm.

The Tube

Thursday, April 13
9:45pm—WASHINGTON'S NEW
THING. David Littlejohn investigates
the artistic offerings of the New Thing,
a grass roots project for D.C.'s black
youth. Ch 8

Friday, April 14
7:30pm—FILM ODYSSEY: "THE
CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI."
A bizarre 1919 German film about a
magician, a sleepwalker, and a series of
strange murders. Not to be missed!
Ch 8.
12:30am—ALAN LADD NIGHT. It's
guaranteed to put you to sleep: "Boy
on a Dolphin," "Thunder in the East,"
"Salty O'Rourke." Ch 11

Saturday, April 15
7:00pm—PLAY IT AGAIN, CHARLIE
BROWN. Schroeder, Lucy and Beetho-
ven in an implausible romantic triangle.
Ch 11
7:30pm—THE CAT IN THE HAT. For
Dr. Seuss freaks. Ch 11
10:30pm—BEDTIME STORY. Marlon
Brando saves this one, assuming it's
worth saving. Ch 13
12:20am—THE MAD DOCTOR, with
Basil Rathbone. Ch 11

Sunday, April 16
8:00pm—THE BIG MOUTH. Jerry
Lewis, Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye and
Martha Mitchell do their thing. Ch 13.

Monday, April 17
6:30pm—GREAT DECISIONS 1972.
"The Soviet Union and the U.S.:
Toward Negotiation or Confrontation."
Guests are Mr. Kissinger (free after his
recent kidnapping) and Charles Bohlin.
8:00pm—MATCHLESS. Starring
Patrick O'Neal. A N.Y. journalist is
mistaken for a spy by the Red
Chinese. Ch 2

Tuesday, April 18
8:30pm—AUSTRALIA. A National
Geographic special. Ch 2
9:00pm—COPPELIA. The famous
Royal Ballet production starring Merle
Park, Stanley Holden and Christopher
Gable. Ch 8

Wednesday, April 19
6:30pm—THE COURSE OF OUR
TIMES: THE RUSSIAN REVOLU-
TION. Who wins? Ch 8
8:00pm—ANASTASIA. More on the
Revolution, vastly fictionalized.
Redeemed by an incredible, nail-
chewing performance by Ingrid
Bergman. Ch 13

Thursday, April 20
9:45pm—DAVID LITTLEJOHN.
This week features readings from the
works of Sylvia Plath. Ch 8

Friday, April 21
7:30pm—FILM ODYSSEY: "ORPHE-
US." Jean Cocteau's 20th Century
version of the Greek myth. Ch 8
11:30pm—PORTRAIT OF A MOB-
STER. Stars Vic Morrow and Peter
Breck. Ch 13



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Unclassifieds

JUOY: Can you make it official? -- It's over, Mark.

BABYSITTER NEEEOO NOW for my 13 month old son. Weekdays in my apt. References, Salary & food. Come by 2614 Crocker, Apt. 1.

JUOY: Will write as soon as I figure out what people are for, NK.

WHAT IS ECKANKAR? What is soul travel? Call at 524-5984.

NEEO RIOE TO CALIFORNIA: Kim Segura, 433-9859.

SMALL BROWN & WHITE Pek-Ingese, lost Sun at Hawthorne-Montrose area, answers to Tibit. Reward, \$15. Call 523-0009.

I WOULD LIKE MAIL! I'm 5'10", blond hair and blue eyes, 187 lbs. Hobbies are leathercraft, lifting weights, and I love to scramble around on a motorcycle. If you can, please send a picture. I'll do the same as soon as I get mine. James S. Robb, 116230, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich, 49204.

WHITE MALE, 27, willing to pay up to \$75 a month, sharing someone's pad. Gay. Call John at 224 - 9501, ext.413, after 5 PM. Love and peace.

HELP! I've got a couple of years to go. Could use some mail, White male 23 years old. Thanks. Ron Miller, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash, 98272.

FEMALE NEEEOO TO SHARE large 2 bdrm, till first of July. Cheap, close to UH on bus line. Perfect for transient cause all you need is here, and when you're ready to go, no big move-out. Pets (small ones) welcome. McGregor Park is across the street. Call 747 - 2459.

WANTED: ONE TENNIS PARTNER. Must be fairly proficient and be able to play every weekday (preferably in the morning). Call Foster at 783 - 1768. If no answer don't give up, I'll be there eventually.

TRYING TO START country commune. Really rugged. If you can't take it, don't call. Phone: 222 - 8939 and ask for Chuck McCarthy.

WHAT ARE YOUR HEALTH RIGHTS? All medical patients have rights that are protected by law! Information and referral to free legal assistance in Harris Co. Call after 5:00, 523 - 1445. Medical Committee for Human Rights.

WHOEVER RIPPED - OFFEO our foot - long chocolate easter egg from our front step: may your bellyache be a large one! Anonymous.

KUNDALINI YOGA: Potent Yoga for the Aquarian age. Classes held 6 pm Mon-Sat at 1123 Jackson Blvd. FREE!

GOING TIME FOR DRUGS: White male, 21yrs old, wishes correspondence with females of any age, race, creed, or color, with their heads together. Have about 14-16 months till freedom. Write: Shannon R.K. Ludden, 127771, P.O. Box 777, Monroe Wash, 98272.

WE NEED A BABYSITTER that is available when needed. Light, simple babysitting. Baby is only 4 months old. Montrose area. Good pay! Diane and Roy Willette, 528 - 1165.

I AM HUNTING FOR A RIOE either to San Francisco or Seattle, Wash, near the end of June or beginning of July. I'll be glad to help pay gas and food. Blond, female, 18 yrs. old. Capricorn. Please call Blitsy at 733 - 1943 (home) or 729 - 1155 (work). Thanks.

YOUNG HARO ROCK DRUMMER presently held EN RESTRINGERE, would like to meet new friends. I am interested in a good solid connection if you are a super beautiful freak with your head together. I've been in the man's prison since 1967; serving 5 to 37 for a drug bust. I have no female companions or male friends with which to communicate. If you're interested in the real thing baby, wish to rap, or maybe soak your paper in good acid, lay one on me at this address: Bob Creager, 126186, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140

WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO CORRESPOND with sisters of all races. I am presently a prisoner of the Washington State Reformatory, but I will have my freedom back before Xmas of this year. Black male 20 yrs of age. Majored in philosophy at U. of Washington. Also, a former musician in R&B. I'm very lonely at this time and would like to hear from a woman who has got her head in a beautiful place. Because you can't judge the future by looking at the past, if you want to stay on the gall, then you have got to pay the price, and I need a woman just to mellow out my days left in here. So don't let my being a prisoner shy you away. Please send photos if possible; will answer all mail. Freddie Slumkoski, 626507, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

I AM A 23 YEAR OLD GREEK Orthodox Jew, very much alone here in this dark exile of freak absurdity. I wish to correspond with some brother or sister of the living. Age is irrelevant. Thank you and all power to the people! David Bullis, B-114747, P.O. Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

WANTED...FOR NATIONAL ABORTION WEEK (May 1-May 6): All girl band to participate in festival. Also, any woman who has had an abortion and who is willing to speak before a group about it. Please call 644-7667 (HWAAC)

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THEATER

Cuckoo's Nest



by Doug Milburn

Ken Kesey's world of crazies is alive and well at Liberty Hall.

C. C. Courtney, having survived involvement with such television mind-pap as "The Doctors," has revised Dale Wasserman's play based on Kesey's apocryphal 1962 novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and staged the result with cathartic success in the down-home confines of Houston's only liberated entertainment arena.

Mike Condray and the other people behind Liberty Hall have given us a lot of fine shows we would otherwise have missed, not the least of which was Courtney's last effort, *Earl of Ruston*. Now, with *Cuckoo's Nest*, they have presented us with a funny, thought-provoking, and timely spectacle such as Houston hasn't seen in a very long time. My only major reservation is ticket prices: \$3 week nights, \$4 week-ends.

It's funny that American theater has been able to communicate only very poorly with the outcasts, dropouts and other megalithic populists who go under the name, counter-culture. With *Cuckoo's Nest*, C. C. Courtney has communicated. It's a play in which all us crazies out here can super-identify with all them crazies in Ken Kesey's microcosm of the death-culture. As in the book, Randall McMurphy, big as life, comes rolling into a ward of your friendly local looney bin and before the Combine (headed by Big Nurse) finally gets him with a lobotomy, he has breathed life into every one of the "insane" inmates.

The world which you can see functioning on the Liberty Hall stage is the world we lost clear sight of somewhere between the time that Hopalong Cassidy movies appeared on television and John Kennedy died on Elm Street. The world where you could clearly see that some people (the guys in the black hats) were doing bad things to other people (the guys in the white hats). But it was a world in which one was, after all, responsible for his or her actions.

Of course, the current version of that world has things all topsy-turvy: the hero now is the anti-hero, the sane are insane, and the insane are really sane. But what else can you expect? Richard Nixon is president and Angela Davis is on trial, Richard Kleindienst is virtually Attorney General and the Berrigans are imprisoned, Mick Jagger lives on the Riviera and Rocky Erickson sits in Rusk. Randall McMurphy is a carrier of that simple but dangerous disease called life; and C.C. Courtney, playing the role for all it's worth, makes

crystal clear to us just what we lose when we stop fighting for life, for our own kind of insanity. And he also conveys our hope. In fact, the play communicates the same strong mixture of regret, nostalgia, and optimism which Don McLean captured in "Miss American Pie." Though the music dies many times, it keeps being re-born; though Nurse Ratched snatches for your private parts many times, you can escape her many times if you keep on your toes; and if you finally can't make it, you can at least help a friend escape, like McMurphy who brings Chief Bromden back to life and gives him the keys to the ward's one outside window.

I can't see much point in indulging in any sort of standard-received theater criticism — leave that to the dying intellectuals on both coasts. Sure, in many ways the play is different from the novel, and I'm certain Leslie Fiedler would not approve the neglected emphasis of Chief Bromden's Indianness. But so what? Courtney says he was after the spirit, not the letter of Kesey's book.

And he has certainly succeeded there. He and everyone involved in the production have given us a mirror in which we can see ourselves so well that it's possible to laugh at the sight. A mirror which shows joyfully why we have labeled ourselves "freaks" (because we are) and why we are happy with that label (because sanity, that is, non-freakiness, in a death-culture equals death). A mirror which shows all the Nurse Ratched of the world, however well-intentioned they may be, as anti-life forces. A mirror which shows clearly that what the Nurse Ratched of the world are determined to do is to keep us from living. Of course the Nurse Ratched of the world say they are trying to cure us, trying to keep us from going insane. It's just another case of the cure being worse than the disease, like the British curing Nathan Hale of his patriotism, the French curing Danton of his conscience, the Romans curing Jesus of his mysticism, the Greeks curing Socrates of his honesty.

I think a lot of our despair lately has come from the fact that our minds have been so boggled by the incredible arrogance of our many Nurse Ratched that we have lost our ability to laugh, at them as well as at ourselves. I suggest you make it a point to visit *Cuckoo's Nest* during its stay at Liberty Hall. You'll recognize a lot of your friends in the audience, and on stage — and yourself, too. It's a crazy world there, but, as McMurphy says, that doesn't necessarily mean it doesn't make sense.

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